MARYGROVE COLLEGE LIBRARY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE

FEB 7

FEBRUARY 1958

The Catholic Lamp

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

25¢

MARYGROVE COLL LIBRARY
8425 W MC NICHOLS RD
DETROIT 21 MICH
11 59 3N06

MEAL BONDS
FEED
THE HUNGRY

This is to certify that
John LeBlanc
has given the sum of
$ 100 00
to feed the poor of
Jesus Christ
daily, monthly, yearly at
St. Christopher's Inn
Graymoor,
Garrison, New York
In appreciation for the donor's evidence of love and devotion for the Roman Catholic Religion, the Friars of the Atonement pledge a set of Gregorian Masses to be said at the donor's death for every hundred dollars given.
COFFEE
Lay not up to yourselves the treasures on earth: where the rust and moth consume and where thieves break through and steal.
But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven: where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.
For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.— MATTHEW VI 19:21

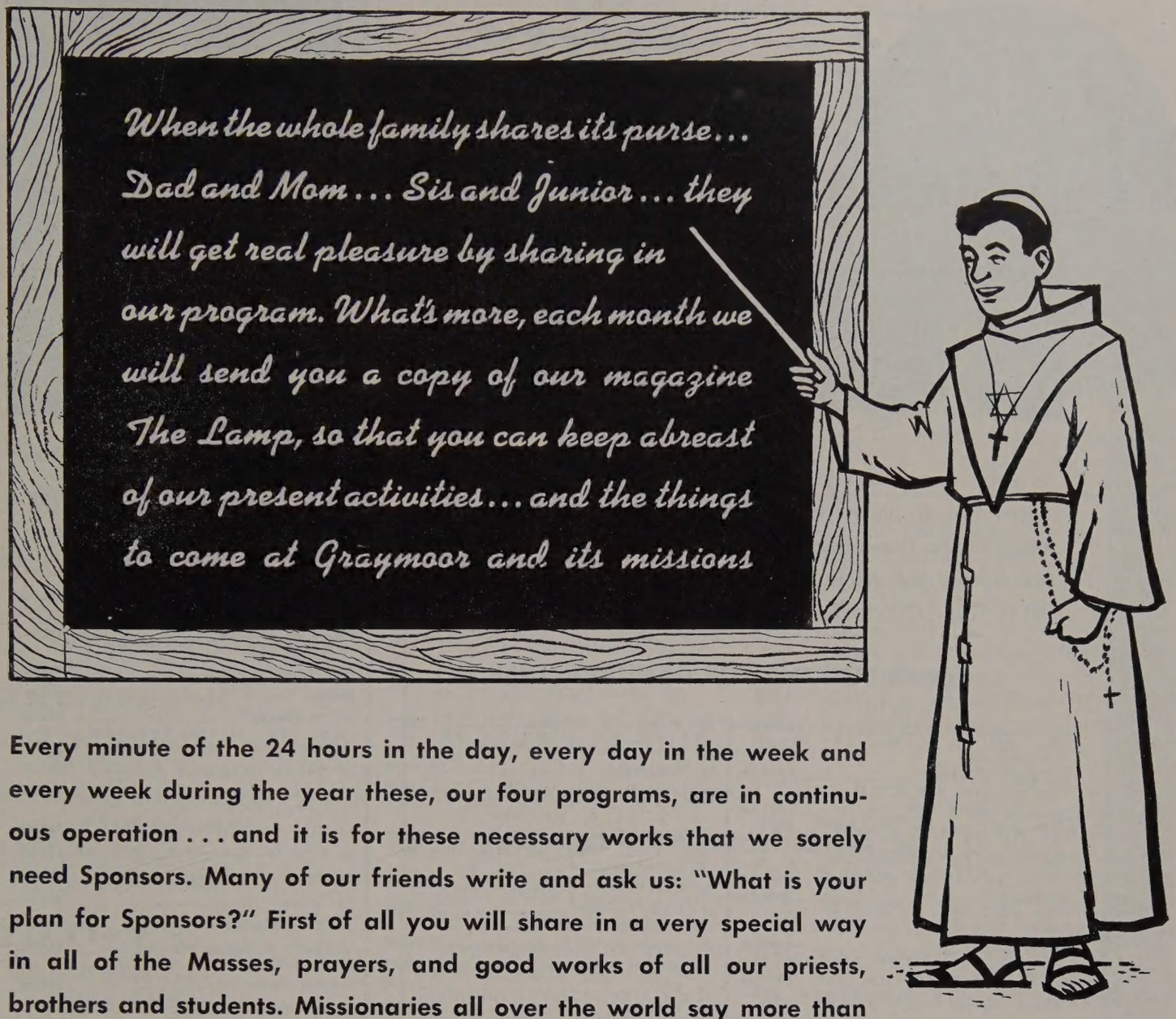
Every day poor discouraged friendless men come to St. Christopher's Inn hungry, footsore, and weary. We do what we can to take care of their needs and help them back on their feet. Last year we sheltered over 5,000 different men at St. Christopher's Inn and served them over 150,000 meals. At present, with our newly completed addition, St. Christopher's Inn can house 200 men.

Your Meal Bond will enable us to continue this good work.

Each Meal Bond entitles you to a remembrance in the prayers and good works of the Graymoor Friars and of the men who come to us for aid. In addition, for each Meal Bond donated, the Friars will arrange a set of Gregorian Masses to be said either for you after you die, or for someone else after he or she dies, or immediately for someone who is already deceased. This set of Gregorian Masses is our thanks to you for helping us in performing the Corporal Works of Mercy.

If you would like to know more about St. Christopher's Inn, what it is, how it began and what it does, we will be only too glad to send you a brochure.

Send bond subscriptions to the Father General, Graymoor, Garrison, New York


When the whole family shares its purse...
Dad and Mom... Sis and Junior... they
will get real pleasure by sharing in
our program. What's more, each month we
will send you a copy of our magazine
The Lamp, so that you can keep abreast
of our present activities... and the things
to come at Graymoor and its missions

Every minute of the 24 hours in the day, every day in the week and every week during the year these, our four programs, are in continuous operation . . . and it is for these necessary works that we sorely need Sponsors. Many of our friends write and ask us: "What is your plan for Sponsors?" First of all you will share in a very special way in all of the Masses, prayers, and good works of all our priests, brothers and students. Missionaries all over the world say more than 3000 Masses every year for our benefactors. You will share in these Masses. You will share also in all of our Solemn Novenas at Christmas, Easter, St. Anthony's Day, the Feast of Our Lady of the Atonement, and your dead will be remembered in our November Masses. Your name will be kept at the foot of the Shrine of St. Anthony at Graymoor so that you will be remembered in our perpetual novena to St. Anthony. You will also be remembered in all of our Special Novenas in our various houses. Finally, we have arranged to have a special Mass said every day for our Graymoor Sponsors. That is our plan. At your convenience write to us for complete details.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL, S.A., GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK

Graymoor's 4 Perpetual Programs

OUR AVE MARIA HOUR is now broadcast every week over more than 400 stations. It has inspired millions with the heroism of the Saints; it has brought a knowledge of God's truth to many non-Catholics and it has created a sympathy for the Church in many sections of our land where prejudice and bigotry were formerly rampant. Our success has been gratifying.

AT ST. CHRISTOPHER'S INN we give food and lodging and clothing to the homeless, footsore, and hungry men continually knocking at our door. To the best of our ability we take care of all who come to us, white or colored, of any denomination. With the help of God we have been able to straighten many of these men out to again become useful citizens.

GRAYMOOR MISSIONS . . . During the past fifteen years we have been able to send Friars to work and build churches and schools for the colored in the South, the Mexicans in Texas, Indians and others all over Canada, and the Japanese in the Orient. These projects are taxing our resources greatly. In many instances we are compelled to give food and clothing.

THE CHAIR OF UNITY OCTAVE which our Founder, Fr. Paul James Francis, S.A., inaugurated and which we now promote, has made increasing numbers of Catholics and non-Catholics realize the need for prayer and sacrifice so that all people may be united in the One, True Fold of Christ. This prayer movement has now spread throughout the entire Christian world.

A completed Burse of Five Thousand Dollars insures the education of a Graymoor Friar and enables him to reach his goal—the Altar

Uncompleted BURSES

Is YOUR PATRON SAINT among those listed below? There is no better way to honor your heavenly namesake than by contributing to the Burse bearing his or her name. It is by means of the Burses that young men are advanced to the Sacred Priesthood in the Graymoor Community.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR JANUARY 1958

St. Bernadette: $4,976.00
Mrs. M.B., Pa., $5; Mrs. A.V., Pa., $5; J.A., N.Y., $5.

St. Ann: 4,651.40
Mrs. A.V., Pa., $10; J.V., $5.

Infant of Prague: 4,247.85
Mrs. T.W., La., $5; Mrs. J.McL., Mich., $5; Mrs. K.B., N.J., $1; Mrs. T.H., N.J., $1; F.B., O., $1; Mrs. B.P., Calif., $1; Mrs. M.F., L.I., $5; Mrs. M.R., Pa., $2; Anon., N.Y., $5; Mrs. J.DuP., Pa., $4.

St. Pius X: 4,202.98
Mrs. A.M., Conn., $1; Mrs. H.M., R.I., $1; Anon., N.Y., $5.

Little Flower: 4,088.16
Miss A.B., Calif., .25¢ Mrs. J.DuP., Pa., $4.

St. Joseph: 4,083.34
Miss F.F., L.I., $1; M.W., W.Va., $1; Mrs. J.DuP., Pa., $4.

O. L. of the Atonement: 3,803.04
D.C., Mass., $2; D.C., N.Y., $3.

St. Anthony: 3,439.96
Mrs. M.H., Mass., $2; Mrs. J.McL., Mich., $5; Mrs. T.W., La., $4; M.S., Wis., $2; M.C., N.Y., $10; Mrs. D.M., L.I., $1; C.R., N.Y., $2; D.B., N.Y., $5; Mrs. P.P., Calif., $10; Mrs. D.B., Ill., $3; Mrs. R.E., Wash., $10; E.R., Ill., $4; Mr. & Mrs. N.S., Mich., $10; Mrs. M.McC., N.J., $1; C.A., Mich., $1.50; Mrs. V.W., N.Y., $2.50; Mrs. E.D., Pa., $1; Anon., Va., $1; J.T., N.Y., $2; Mrs. D.H., Ill., $3; Mrs. A.V., Pa., $5; Mrs. E.A., Mass., $3; Mrs. G., Fla., $2; J.K., Mass., $1; Mrs. M.W., Calif., $1; Mrs. J.W., N.J., $6; Mrs. J.B., Mich., $1; Mrs. A.K., Pa., $1; Mrs. S.G., Conn., $5; L.G., Calif., $2; B.Y., L.I., $10; L.S., N.Mex., $7; A.G., Mass., $5; Mrs. R.D., N.Y., $2; A.C., L.I., $5; J.G., Calif., $5; A.S., N.C., $5; M.P., Mass., $1; Mrs. N.LaB., Ill., $1; M.W., W.Va., $1; Mrs. A.K., Ill., $2; Anon., N.Y., $5; Mrs. V.M., N.J., $3; T.B., N.Y., $5; Mrs. J.R., Ill., $5; Mrs. J.DuP., Pa., $4.

St. Jude: 3,435.22
J.C., N.Y., $5; A.W., Conn., $5; Mrs. V.W., N.Y., $2.50; Mrs. L.B., L.I., $2; Mr. & Mrs. J.D., Miss., $1; R.H., D.C., $1; Mrs. C.M., Conn., $2; M.C., Me., $10; Mrs. O.B., O., $5; M.W., W.Va., $1; P.S., N.Y., $2; Anon., $5; Mrs. P.M., N.Y., $50; Mrs. J.DuP., Pa., $4; Mrs. E.D., Calif., $1.

St. Margaret of Scotland: 3,248.41

O. L. of Perpetual Help: 3,157.30
Mrs. E.D., Pa., $1; N.H., N.J., $1; M.W., W.Va., $1.

St. Francis Xavier: 3,024.60

SS. Peregrin & Dymphna: 2,951.79
Mrs. M.M., N.Y., $1; Mrs. O.Z., N.Y., $5; Miss A.L., Ill., $4.

St. Matthias: 2,464.76

O. L. of Miraculous Medal: 2,309.45
Mrs. T.W., La., $5; Mrs. A.V., Pa., $5; Mrs. M., L.I., $5; A.H., Mich., $10.

Bl. Martin de Porres: 2,263.82
Mrs. J.McL., Mich., $5; M.M., Ill., $20; Mrs. I.A., Mass., $1.

Sacred Shoulder: 2,262.95

O. L. of Lourdes: 2,146.55
Mrs. B.P., Calif., $1.

St. Lawrence: 2,104.00

SS. Michael & Honora: 2,007.50

St. Rita: 1,767.25

St. Raphael: 1,391.66

Father Drumgoole: 1,137.10

O. L. of Fatima: 1,124.50

Hope: 1,122.05

All Saints: 1,066.37
Miss M.W., $1.

Holy Spirit: 970.25

St. Patrick: 968.03

Immaculate Conception: 963.95
Mrs. I.A., Mass., $5; Mrs. J.DuP., Pa., $4.

Brother Jude: 918.20

St. John Baptist: 911.85

Father Paul: 909.19

Holy Souls: 779.20
J.Family, Pa., $1.

St. Michael: 745.50
M.K., Ind. $1.

Blessed Sacrament: 732.08
Mrs. E.McC., N.Y., $3.

Father Baker: 717.35

Holy Face: 697.55
Anon., N.Y., $10.

St. Frances Cabrini: 658.03
Mrs. E.R., Conn., $5.

Brother Barnabas: 606.00

Our Sorrowful Mother: 596.32
J.O'S., N.Y., $25.

Precious Blood: 563.00

St. Margaret Mary: 557.55
Miss J.B., N.Y., $200.

St. Francis of Assisi: 517.89
M.S., Wis., $2.

St. Christopher: 494.90
Mrs. F.N., O., $5; Mrs. R.A., L.I., $1.

O. L. of Prompt Succor: 487.60
Mrs. M.W., La., $1.

Brother Philip: 461.60

St. Gerard Majella: 438.93
Mrs. F.N., O., $5.

Five Holy Wounds: 430.10
S.F., Ill., $2.

Holy Family: 393.00

Mother Lurana, S.A.: 375.65

St. Philomena: 359.00
M.S., Wis., $1; Mrs. B.P., Calif., $1; M.McM., N.Y., $1; Mrs. S.B., Pa., $3.

St. Eugene: 351.59

St. Maria Goretti: 315.00
J.F., Pa., $10.

St. John the Apostle: 294.06

O. L. of the Rosary: 272.25

St. Bridget of Ireland: 242.20

St. Vincent: 207.00

St. Mary Magdalene: 196.50

Venerable Catherine Tekawitha: 166.75
Mrs. A.M., Conn., $1.

Brother Andre: 164.00

Sacred Head: 155.45

Most Holy Trinity: 132.20

Sacred Heart: 126.13
N.H., N.J., $1; Mrs. M.R., Va., $1; Mr. & Mrs. T.F., N.J., $5; Mrs. I.A., Mass., $1.

Brother Anthony: 123.60

Pope Pius XI: 104.60

SS. Adam & Eve: 104.00

St. Clare: 91.20
Mrs. A.K., Pa., $5.

O. L. of Victory: 88.50

St. Paul: 82.70

St. Teresa: 68.60

St. Blase: 54.25

Brother Ignatius: 50.00

St. Cyril of Jerusalem: 45.00
E.J.K., Calif., $20.

St. George: 43.00

Father Flanagan: 34.00

St. Luke: 28.00

O. L. of Faith: 25.00

O. L. of La Leche: 22.00

Honor your favorite Saint

SUPPORT A GRAYMOOR BURSE

The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY AND MISSIONS

Contents

FEATURES

Graymoor in Japan 9
by Titus Cranny, S.A.

Mostly for Men 25
by John Patrick Gillese

Mostly for Women 27
by Nancy Westlake

Teen Topics 29
by Lynn Alexander

A Woman of Unity 31
by Sister Mary Celine, S.A.

ARTICLES

Only One Found Unity 7
by DeSales Standerwick, S.A.

The Sunday Shopping Evil 10
by Floyd Anderson

Our Lady of Lourdes 12
by John Fleming

FICTION

And God Bless You 14
by J. J. Hanlin

DEPARTMENTS

Uncompleted Burses 2
Correspondence 4
In Focus 5
Necrology 6
Graymoor Annals 16
At St. Anthony's Feet 21

THE LAMP is published monthly by The Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York, and printed at the Graymoor Press, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York.

EXECUTIVE and Editorial Offices, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York. Editor, Very Rev. Samuel Cummings, S.A.; Associate Editor, Rev. Titus Cranny, S.A.; Business Manager, H. T. Murphy; Art Director, Dolores Wisinski.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, one year $3.00; 2 years $5.00.

Address all subscriptions and correspondence to: The Lamp, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and new addresses and zone number.

SOLICITORS of this magazine are allowed to accept money only intended for subscriptions to this magazine. All donations or Mass intentions must be mailed directly to the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Peekskill, New York, under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. authorized January 30, 1903.

Unsolicited Manuscripts, unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes, will not be returned.

See back cover for details

This Month

Centenary

Just 100 years ago on February 11 our Blessed Mother appeared as a beautiful lady to St. Bernadette Soubirous. Just 100 years ago the miraculous spring, discovered to Bernadette by Our Lady, began to flow. Just 100 years ago the curing of the old man Bouriette and the infant Bouhohorts inaugurated that constant succession of miracles which have never ceased.

We dedicate this issue of THE LAMP to Our Lady of Lourdes, begging her bountiful blessing on our work, and beseeching her, the Mediatrix of all Graces, to send to each and every one of you, our readers, the help and assistance, both spiritual and temporal, that you need.

Immaculate Conception

Our Blessed Mother appeared 18 times to the 14-year-old Bernadette at Massabielle, a great cliff to the west of Lourdes. At first, Bernadette did not know who She was. As she saw her, Mary was a young Lady, dressed in a white robe that was bound around the waist with a blue ribbon. She wore a white veil. On each of her feet was a golden rose.

Word about what Bernadette saw ran through the town and people kept asking her to inquire of the Lady who she was. On March 24, 1858, Bernadette asked the question. This is her own account of what happened.

"When I knelt before the Lady I begged her pardon because I was late. She made a sign that there was no need for my apology. Then I told her how happy I was to see her again. I prayed my Rosary and at the end, unable to stop myself, I begged the Lady to tell me who she was.

"As with other questions, the Lady bowed her head, smiled, but did not answer. I felt bold, and so I asked a second time the favor of knowing her name. With my hands folded I prayed to her once more. The Lady stood there above the rosebush and looked as she does on the Miraculous Medal.

"At my third request, she looked very serious and humbly bowed. She folded her hands across her breast and then slowly opening her hands and leaning towards me she said in a voice full of emotion, 'I am the Immaculate Conception'."

OUR COVER:
The Immaculate Conception
by F. Antolinez

Circulation

Since we were forced to raise the price of THE LAMP from $2.00 to $3.00 about 18 months ago our circulation has naturally fallen a bit. However, we still hover around 200,000 although, as yet, we have not been able to keep the circulation above that magic number for any extended period of time. One month the circulation goes up 1000, then it slips 3000, then it goes up again and then it goes down.

What prompts these few words is the fact that for the past couple of months it has been going down with dismaying steadiness.

Now we would do very well indeed if all of you, our subscribers, would renew your subscription as soon as or, even better, before it runs out. Of course, we know that you mean to, but, as the expert whom I consulted told me, you're busy at the time the letter comes in. You put it off and then it gets lost in the shuffle.

So, if your subscription is due would you send it in right away? If it isn't due for some time would you please say a few prayers that our renewal rate will pick up? In fact, whether the renewal is due or not, would you say the prayers anyhow? We certainly need them. Try St. Francis de Sales, he's the Patron of the Catholic press. Thanks a lot. †

lose something?

a valued rosary . . . a pair of glasses . . . car keys . . . a wallet . . . important papers . . . one or even two diamond earrings . . . or anything else

Invoke St. Anthony

He's the Finder of Lost Things and you'd be surprised how quickly he answers your prayers.

But finding lost rosaries or eyeglasses is by no means the extent of St. Anthony's power. He is a valued friend who helps his clients in every necessity. Our perpetual novena asking St. Anthony for his intercession takes place every night at each one of our Graymoor houses. Send us your petition to be included among the great number presented at his shrine.

Join With Us Today

A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY

FRANCISCAN FRIARS
OF THE ATONEMENT
GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK

Correspondence

Donation

Dear Father General: Enclosed please find a check in the amount of $80.00. This check is a donation from the members of the Lanarkshire Club to help in your good work at the Inn.

As this club is no longer in existence, we would appreciate your publishing this donation in THE LAMP so that former members will know how we dispensed with the funds.

Wishing you continued success with your endeavors at Graymoor and hoping you will have a blessed Christmas, we remain. Very truly yours,

THE LANARKSHIRE CLUB

Pictures Needed

Dear Father: I am the Chairman of Helpers in the C.C.D. work in our parish and I also teach the first grade. We are setting up our Helper program and we need many religious pictures for our teachers. Our parish is small and although we have asked all of our parishoners to save religious pictures for us, we find we have very few. If you are familiar with the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and lesson plans used in teaching, you know how many religious pictures are needed to do a good job of teaching. I would appreciate whatever you can do, either personally or through your correspondence column.

God bless you in your wonderful work.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Louise Fournier
Clark Road
Wolfeboro, N. H.

Christmas Club

Dear Father: Enclosed is a check for $25.00 as a Christmas offering to St. Christopher's Inn in honor of St. Jude and St. Philomena for many favors received during the year. Why not suggest through THE LAMP magazine that benefactors start a Christmas Club for the Inn. This is what I did and never missed the small sum of 50¢ weekly. Please remember my intention in your prayers. Thank you. G.D

All Kinds

Dear Father: I am writing to you to ask you to publish my letter in THE LAMP.

It is only recently that I have been reading THE LAMP a friend gives to me after she is through with it.

I have for years been a friend of St. Anthony. On many occasions he has answered my prayers, especially for lost articles.

Just last week my eldest son (13 years) lost his new gym shoes, so I promised St. Anthony a dollar if he would find them. That same day they were returned to us. The next morning my little girl in second grade lost her scarf and gloves. Again I promised St. Anthony a dollar if he would find them. By lunch time we found where she had misplaced them.

Then I promised St. Anthony $5.00 if he would help me sell my deceased husband's car. About three days later I sold it without any trouble. In fact someone called and wanted to know if I was interested in selling it. I got the price I was asking without any trouble.

I feel I should send St. Anthony $10.00 to cover these promises as well as many favors received in the past. I feel that through him, the Infant of Prague and the Mother of Perpetual Help these things have come about.

Please remember my deceased husband in your prayers. And also please pray for me that I can raise our three children (13 yrs., 7 yrs. and 5 yrs.) the way God wants me to raise them.

I have a special intention I would like to pray for now and promise to publish it if I am successful. Mrs. D.S.

P.S. St. Anthony has always been good to me. About four years ago when our daughter was three years old she took my engagement ring and lost it. I thought I would never see it again but after praying for six months to St. Anthony the ring was found.

Prayers Answered

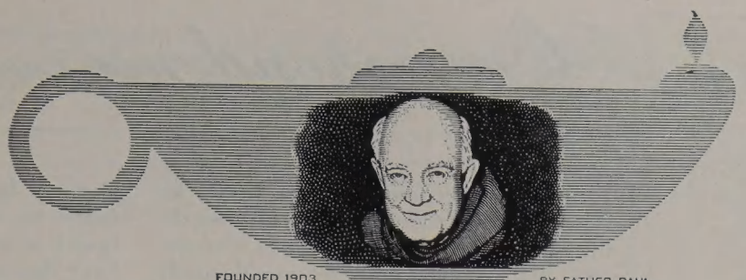
Dear Father: Today is the feast of St. Anthony and I wish to fulfill a promise I made to him some time ago.

I had always asked St. Anthony for help in recovering lost or misplaced articles and he has never failed me. So this February when I became involved in a situation of tragic circumstances I was heartbroken and frantic, not knowing what to do or which way to turn. Remembering how often St. Anthony helped me find material things it occurred to me that he would surely help me find something far greater, a way and means to straighten out the predicament I found myself in.

I prayed to St. Anthony with all my heart and mere words can never tell all that I hold in my heart for him. I could actually feel his comfort and support at times when I felt I could not go on. So I put everything in his hands and he took care of the situation in miraculous ways. I know that I can never thank him enough for what he has done for me.

(*Continued on page* 6)

February
1958



FOUNDED 1903 BY FATHER PAUL

Volume Fifty-six
Number Two

Our Lady's Message: Kindly Come

A CENTURY has passed since those marvels took place in the Pyrenees of southern France when the Virgin Mother of God appeared to the fourteen year old Bernadette Soubirous and said: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Bernadette and her two companions were gathering wood that afternoon of February 11, 1858 when Our Lady suddenly stood before them, her face lifted to heaven, her garments of dazzling beauty. Then on the feast of the Annunciation (March 25) she told them her identity. It was as though she wished to ratify herself the definition of Pope Pius IX who four years before in solemn conclave in St. Peter's, declared the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God to be an article of faith and to be believed by all the faithful.

Crowds came to Lourdes in those early days when Bernadette was subjected to doubt, scorn, and ridicule. The child could not even read—her parents were so poor—they had no background. In time the doubt, scorn, and ridicule ceased while Bernadette became a saint of the Church and the Grotto of Lourdes has become one of the most famous shrines of Mary in all the world.

Crowds still come to this City of Mary. And during 1958 more than ten million are expected to answer the invitation of Our Lady spoken to the young girl who knelt before her: "Kindly come. . . ." Such is the message of every age and to every people. Mary invites all men to come to her in order that they may deepen their spiritual life and attain eternal salvation.

As Our Holy Father said of this invitation from Mary: "This discreet invitation which does not compel, which is addressed to the heart, and requests with delicacy a free and generous response, the Mother of God again puts forward to her sons of France and of all the world. Christians will not remain deaf to this appeal; they will go to Mary" (Letter on Lourdes Jubilee, July 2, 1957).

The centenary celebration this year is more than just a reminder of the prodigies which took place in this village in the mountains in south France. It is not arranged only to recall the glory of Bernadette to whom Our Lady appeared and to whom she confided her message of prayer and penance.

The real message of Lourdes is the message of the gospels: prayer, penance, grace, and the hope of heaven. The salvation of men is linked so closely with the Mother of God. Lourdes projects into time the message and mission of Mary as presented at Bethlehem, Cana, and Calvary. The love and kindness of Our Lady in the gospels becomes part and parcel of the religious life of men today.

For as St. Pius X wrote: "The unique glory of the sanctuary of Lourdes lies in this fact, that people are attracted there from everywhere by Mary for the adoration of Jesus Christ in the august Sacrament, so that this sanctuary—at the same time the center of Marian cult and the throne of the Eucharistic mystery—seems to surpass in glory all others in the Catholic world."

THE greatest wonders of Lourdes are not the cures of bodily ills and deadly diseases, but the spiritual health and strength that is given to the millions who accept the invitation of Mary: Kindly come. . . .The pilgrims come to honor the glorious Mother of God and of men. They sing the moving hymn of the holy shrine: *Ave, ave, ave Maria* in every tongue under heaven. Then they bow down in adoration before the Eucharistic Christ enthroned in the monstrance.

Such is Mary's way. She invited men to come to her, for she is their Mother. She knows their needs, their hopes, and their desires. She leads them to herself and then hands them over to her Son. For love of Mary is the unfailing means of growing in the love of Christ.

Whether you go to Lourdes or not during the Jubilee year, be sure to go to Mary. She invites you just as truly as she did the child at Masabielle and with all a Mother's confidence and love, she asks: "Kindly come. . . ."

Answer her invitation with generosity and gratitude. . . . †

See back cover for details

Necrology

We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.

James Kerrigan, Vic Tralio, Louis Bucchelli, Charles Beauregard, Mrs. Anna Sommer, Katherine McGinity, Elizabeth Matthes, Nellie McLaughlin, Louis Joseph Buard, Sister Mary Rosina, Mary Cannon, Michael Foli, Mary Donovan, Charles Dolle, Celene M. McCrobie, Helen Smith, John Reed, Mary Ellen Farley, Marjorie B. Thomas, Mrs. Helen Marasco, Mrs. Hugh Gregg, Elizabeth Walsh, Elizabeth Proma, Patrick J. Barry, Walter J. Orlekoski, Mrs. Jane Lyons, Patrick Dalton, Mary Ellen Macken, Mrs. Cullen, Priscilla Buckley, Mrs. Annie Smith, Mrs. Clare Conklin, Michael Deliello, Mary A. Burch, Mrs. Stephen Pataky, Frank Schindewolf, Mrs. Joseph Wernert, John McGlinchy, Nellie Stanger, Ambrose Boyd, Mary Flo O'Brien, Joseph Slavin, Mary Rooney, Mrs. Eliz. (Lieb) Brawley, Catherine S. Fitspatrick, Anna Marie Gerveno, Irene Gerveno, Charles Scheffold, Rose M. Leonard, Ethel Smires, Anthony Seubert, Michael A. Marino, Henry Blum, Mr. W. E. Westland, Mrs. C. B. Mills, Louis Jecker, William H. Sullivan, Mary B. Sullivan, Mrs. Margaret Ellen Culley, Jack Cronin, John T. Lynch, John Hartnett, Kenneth Barth, William T. Connell, Thomas Hampton, George Barth, Charles Bonges, Anthony Berrie, Jen Capupi, Mrs. William Datson, Henry P. Lambert, Mrs. Mary Fiorella, Mrs. Mary Graume, Mrs. Margaret F. Hanisco, Mrs. Amelia Dupps, Lillian Alexandra, Thomas Toomey, Mrs. Mary Irene Arnest, Elizabeth Dolan, Frank Wies, Jennie De Ceasere, Edward Butler, Celia Deliello, Arthur J. Reilley, Frank J. Harney, Emma Harris, Agnes Mitchell, Stanley Belty, Mr. C. Jablecki, Jr., Norah Finnerty, William P. Seymour, Elizabeth Slavin, Hugo Bloodough, Mrs. Anthony Socci, James Gerveno, Clinton Daggett, May Gerveno, Catherine Pahls, Charles Roussell, Daniel Leo Mahoney, Mrs. Rose Schnakenberg, August Sterk, Mr. & Mrs. Albert Petry, Mrs. Katherine Stephen, Caroline E. Harres, Rev. Henry J. Burke, Patrick Dunn, Anna Flynn, Mary Custy, Terry Rodden, William Leoford, Francis Sullivan, Michael & Catherine Connell, Barbara Connell, Lena Hampton, Jennie Lawler, John Glien, Mrs. Lillian McKerran, J. Killea, Joseph J. Sullivan, Frank J. Nevins, Alfred Boreson, Florence Gayer, Mrs. Mary Agnes Cherehie, Virginia Ferraro, Frank Remble, Ruth Stinson, Mary Higgins.

Correspondence *Continued*

I only wish my humble letter would influence some poor souls who are heavily burdened with troubles to go to him and seek his help. I know he would surely help them.

I promised my letter for publication and a small donation since I was unable to send as much as I had intended at this time.

I thank God for THE LAMP. It helped me find St. Anthony, a friend and Saint I will never forget. Mrs. D.B.

Skippy

Dear Father: We have a parakeet by the name of Skippy. Skippy names himself and he talks and whistles and says most everything.

He has gotten out three times in the woods near here and the last time, the day before a very heavy storm. We were very much alarmed that he could not possibly weather the wind and rain and cold.

We hunted for him in the evening until dark and had to give up the search. As he seems like one of the family we prayed to St. Anthony to guide him safely through the night and storm. The next morning, about daylight, my wife heard him call, and upon going in the direction of the sound we found him in a small pine tree safe and unharmed, although very wet. Holding his cage up he left the tree and went in. He seemed very happy and contented to be back as he would not leave it all day.

We feel that St. Anthony answered our prayers. We promised to have this published in THE LAMP. N.M.

New Stove

Dear Father: Several months ago I was in need of several things including a new stove and I was out of fuel to cook on my old wood stove. I prayed to St. Anthony and promised a donation if my prayers were answered. They were. I got a new stove and several other things I did not expect so I am sending one dollar donation in honor of St. Anthony. I wish I could send more. Mrs. E.B.

Home Shrine

Dear Father: This enclosed dollar is a small thank you to St. Anthony for the favor he has granted me and my family. A couple of weeks before St. Anthony's day I made a novena with the help of the little shrine you sent me and promised that if he would help me get larger rooms at a price we could afford for my husband, two children and mother who is 80 years old and a part invalid, I would display the shrine in my home where it is visible to everyone who comes in. Two days after St. Anthony's day my prayers were answered. We not only found a home we were looking for, for ten years, but we have all enjoyed better health since we've made this move. I have displayed my shrine so anyone who comes in can see it. Now I want to thank St. Francis and THE LAMP and hope this letter will be published. Mrs. P.D.L.

Missions

Dear Father: Enclosed is an offering for the missions in thanksgiving to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother for a favor received. I promised I would have this published if my sight would improve. Our Lord never fails me, for my sight did improve greatly. D.H.

Wallet Loser

Dear Father: St. Anthony has been a remarkable friend to my daughter for at least ten years. She began praying to him then for little childish trinkets that she had lost. He seldom failed her. Now in her teens she has taken to losing wallets. Four times in the past two years they have been returned to her. One she lost at a railroad station. It was found and returned. Another was picked up by a woman who returned it to the school convent. The nuns gave it to us at early Mass. This last time a Jewish Rabbi sent us a letter to come and pick up the lost wallet. I promised to publish St. Anthony's extraordinary patience with a trusting child. F.W.

The Navy

Dear Father: Enclosed you will find my check for $5.00 as fulfillment of a promise that I made to our Blessed Mother some time ago.

My son's one ambition was to join the United States Navy as soon as he reached the age of eligibility. However, I was worried about him as he had never been away from home before and was very shy. He also had a very bad inferiority complex.

As he is my only child I hated to let him go, but realizing that this was what he really wanted I signed the papers.

The first week there I received a call that he had been committed to a hospital because of a bad kidney condition caused by nerves. He was so despondent because he felt that he was a failure. He was so afraid that he would be discharged and have to come home to face all his friends who would probably have chided him.

It was then that I prayed to Our Blessed Mother who, through her own Son, has helped me so much in the past.

Now my son is through boot training and is aboard an airplane carrier and is so well sometimes he even forgets to write. Mrs. E.C.

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

ONLY ONE FOUND UNITY

by REV. DESALES STANDERWICK, S.A.

I HAD spent the afternoon in the library. The columned pages of the *Reader's Guide* and of the *Catholic Periodical Index* were still flicking in front of my tired eyes. On the way home, I didn't dodge the cross-traffic as alertly as usual. Something was in the back of my mind, something relating to the subject I had been studying all day. Not until I got home and sat down at my desk did it clarify itself: the wonder in some events of life is not that they did occur, but that they did not occur.

That day, my readings about the World Council of Churches and the Protestant efforts at achieving religious unity over the past 40 years brought frequently before me the name Bishop Charles H. Brent of Buffalo, New York. An Episcopalian minister who was disheartened at the sight of a splintered Christianity, eager to do something about the situation by calling men to think and realize what they had done to the revelation given us by Jesus Christ, and willing to forget his own sphere of activity to start the world on its path towards unity!

THE words sound almost like an exact description of Father Paul of Graymoor, the great founder of the Chair of Unity Octave. But the same words can be said of Episcopal Bishop Brent. How these two men, cradled in the same church, and fired by the same ideals, never met can only be a source of wonderment. The only difference in their stories is the monumental fact that Father Paul found the true source of the unity he was seeking in the Catholic Church and tried to lead other men to it. Bishop Brent was still looking for it when he died in 1929.

This man's story began in Canada. Charles Henry Brent had a good education in his native Ontario, graduating from Trinity College, Ontario, in 1884, with honors. Like Father Paul, Charles Brent, the son of an Episcopal minister, chose the same vocation; after the proper studies, he was ordained to the Episcopal priesthood in 1887.

PERHAPS the circumstances at the time of his ordination had much to do with shaping his future career. The Ontario diocese had no ministerial vacancies, and so Charles Brent was sent as curate to St. John's Episcopal Church in Buffalo, New York. I say that this strange twist may have shaped his life, for in Buffalo a chain of events began that started him on his way to being a world-citizen. One day he displeased his superior, Bishop Arthur Coxe, by placing candles on the church altar, a deed which in some Episcopalian viewpoints comes too close to the liturgical practices of the Catholic Church. Rather than continue a dispute over this and other small ecclesiastical details, Brent went to Boston to

The wonder in some events of life is not that they did occur but that they did not. How did it happen that Father Paul never met Bishop Brent

See back cover for details

live with and examine the Society of St. John the Evangelist, popularly called the Cowley Fathers. His serious intention to join this monastic community changed when the superior, Fr. Arthur Hall, was recalled to and by Oxford for supporting a Low Church candidate as bishop of Massachusetts. This candidate did finally win the appointment and afterwards gave Brent a South Boston parish where he worked for the next 10 years among the poor and down-trodden.

The Episcopal Church is fairly strong today in the Philippines. Much of that strength can be credited to the work of Charles Brent, who left his Boston parish in 1901 and labored in the Philippines among the Igorot and Mohammedan Moro natives till the year 1918. He accepted this call after he had been elected the first Episcopal missionary bishop of the Philippines. He was able to acquire an impressive stature by the diversity and thoroughness of his work in the islands.

One of his great concerns was the Americans who lived or were stationed there. For them he built a cathedral in Manila, a hospital, and a boarding school. Among the many American friends he made in the Philippines was future General John J. Pershing, whom he confirmed and whom he was to meet again during World War I in France. For many years too he toiled, privately and officially in governmental agencies, to combat the evils of opium use among the natives. So outstanding were his efforts that in 1923 he was chosen to be a representative of the United States to the advisory board of the League of Nations in narcotic matters.

Bishop Brent broadened his field of activity when he accepted the invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association to join the American Expeditionary Force in 1917 as chaplain. Overseas, he met General Pershing again, who appointed him a major and Chief of Chaplains at General Headquarters. After his Army service, elected as Bishop of Western New York, where he had begun his ministry, Brent returned to take up residence in Buffalo. His tasks there were frequently interrupted by numerous journeys that his varied interests demanded, as, for example, while he was bishop in charge of the American Episcopal churches in Europe from 1926 to 1928. In 1929 he died in Lausanne, Switzerland, and was buried there, in a city which he had visited many times and which in his eyes represented what he most longed for in the world: Christian Unity.

Some men are more alive to realities than are other men. Father Paul of Graymoor was such a man, looking at the over-plentiful sects of Christianity in the world and concluding rightly that such a state of confusion could never have been intended by the God-Man, Jesus Christ. Bishop Brent, as a missionary in the Philippines, saw the same reality. For him it brought to life a tragic conclusion: "We missionaries have moments of deep depression when the consciousness sweeps over us that it is little short of absurd to try to bring into the Church of Christ the great nations of the Far East unless we can present an undivided front."

His first opportunity to do something constructive came in 1910 when he attended the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, Scotland. He felt that a more basic and more universal meeting of Christian churches should be held to discuss Faith and Order, Faith referring to doctrine and belief, Order referring to policy and government. The idea gradually obsessed him until he took advantage of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1910 to foster his desire by having the Convention adopt the following resolution: "To bring about a Conference for the consideration of questions touching Faith and Order, and that all Christian communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour be asked to unite with us in arranging for and conducting such a Conference."

This conference was to be world-wide and therefore it was long years in the making. Not until he had presided over the Life and Work Conference held in Stockholm in 1925, summoned at the behest of the Lutherans, and had furthered his opinions about the scandal of Christian disunity did Charles Brent see his life's work crowned when the First World Conference on Faith and Order convened in Lausanne, Switzerland, in 1927. We can certainly say that his work laid the foundations upon which the Faith and Order movement joined with the Life and Work movement to form the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam in 1948.

The problem of disunity was critical in the mind of Bishop Brent. "Sectarianism," he wrote, "in spirit and in form, is *par excellence*, the cult of the incomplete . . ." "There are indications that the divided Church has passed the zenith of such power as it has had, and is declining toward desolation." "Divided Christendom has had fair trial—it is a failure." Such were his deep feelings about the pitiful results that have come from the Reformation.

At times in his life he seemed to realize clearly that Christ's doctrine had to be one and the same truth for all men, else it was a sham. "In protestantism nearly all the breaks that have occurred, nearly all the schisms that have come about, have begun in the realm of thought, in theological differences, and, therefore, it is idle and futile for us to maintain that provided we can establish practical brotherhood and fellowship and relationship, the way we think about things makes no (*Cont. on page* 28)

Graymoor In Japan

Conducted by Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A.

Ten small girls form an escort for statue of Our Lady of the Atonement

LOURDES IN GORA. "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria." The Lourdes hymn filled the night air as the Catholics of Gora carried the statue of our Blessed Mother in procession through the town. It was the first time for such a demonstration of faith and it did much to make the townspeople aware of the Catholic Church in the area. Since the procession a number of pagans have come to the mission for instruction. Indeed Our Lady is never outdone in generosity. Fr. Pacificus Von Essen, S.A. is pastor of this mission.

About 300 persons took part in the procession, each carrying a lighted candle or a Japanese lantern. Fr. Albert, S.A., superior of the Graymoor missions in Japan, offered a sung Mass in the evening which was beautifully answered by the people. After Mass all lined up two by two in front of the mission to form the procession to the Catholic school seven blocks away.

* * *

ESCORTING OUR LADY. *The procession was led by a group of pupils forming the living rosary. The "Our Fathers" carried Japanese lanterns with the mystery of each decade written in large Japanese letters, while the "Hail Marys" carried unlit candles which were lighted during the recitation of the rosary on the school grounds. The statue of Our Lady, carried by four men, followed the "living Rosary." Ten small girls dressed in native kimono and tabi (white socks) looking more like dolls from an exclusive shop than children, flanked the statue of Our Lady of the Atonement. Two hundred children, neatly attired in their school uniforms, the Sisters who staff the school, neighboring missionaries, and many of the laity followed.*

Winding its way up the dark unpaved streets of the town, the lantern-lit procession moved on to its destination. The faithful sang the Lourdes hymn joyously as if the very atmosphere of this pagan resort town was being sanctified by the praises of the Mother of God. Coming to the center of the town, the procession stopped and the rosary was begun before a shrine of Our Lady which the Sisters had prepared. As each girl recited her Hail Mary she lighted her candle until the "Rosary" became a luminous circle.

Thus was Our Lady honored at Gora in the Hakone Mountains.

Father Pacificus, S.A.

Procession through the center of Gora—the sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, the friars, and neighboring missionaries

* * *

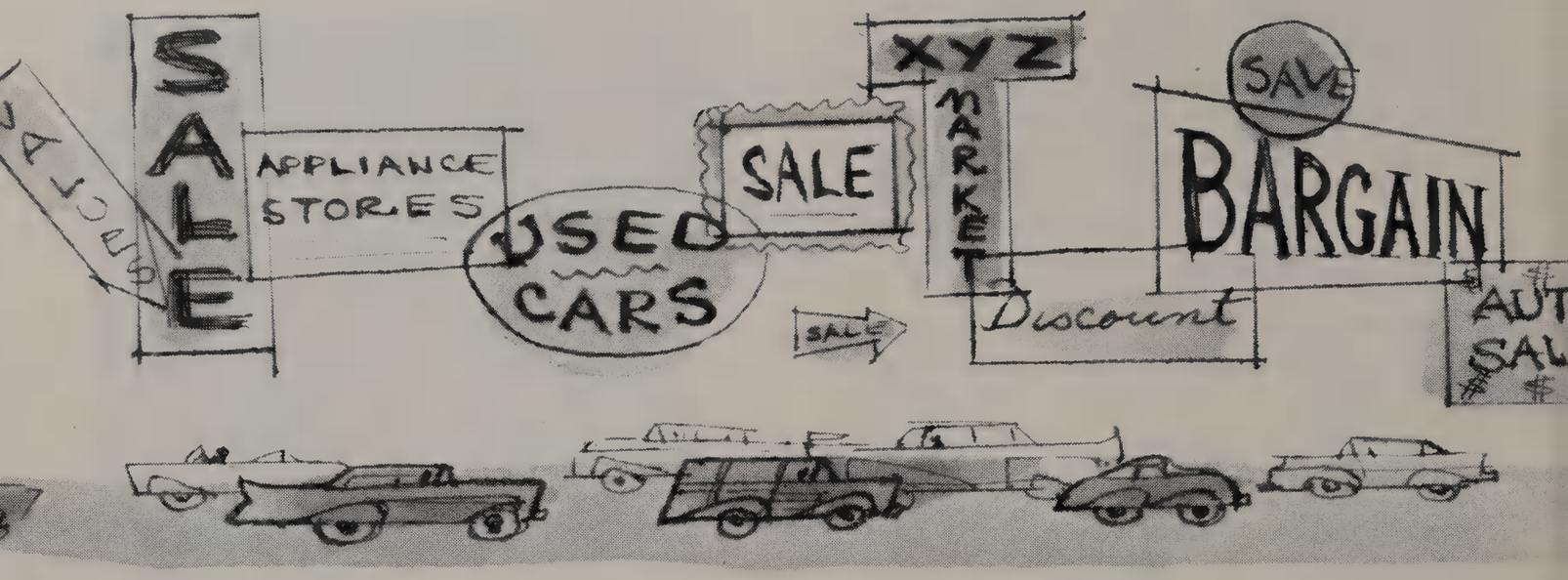
Not Just a Name. To many readers of The Lamp Gora in Hakone Mountains is just a name in far-off Japan. But to the people who live there Hakone means Paradise. The natural beauty of the mountains reaching up to the clouds, with swirling streams and deafening cascades answers the deep yearning of the Japanese soul for close communion with nature. Every year thousands of visitors flock to this majestic mountain to enjoy its striking beauty.

* * *

The Church in Gora. The Catholic Mission in these mountains is located in Gora. A place of natural beauty, it might well become one of spiritual beauty as well. Fr. Pacificus hopes to erect a shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes during this Jubilee Year in her honor as a tribute to the Mother of God and as a source of inspiration and instruction for the people. The grotto must be beautiful, because of Our Lady, and to maintain the harmony of the surrounding country. Anything less than magnificent in Hakone would be considered unworthy.

Fr. Pacificus hopes to build the grotto from the volcanic rock of the famous Mt. Fuji which is twenty miles distant. The cost of cutting and transporting the rock is about $3.00 per rock and the erection of this monument of love depends not only on the good intentions of Fr. Pacificus but upon the help that the faithful in the United States can give. Contributions may be sent to Rev. Fr. General, S.A., Graymoor, Garrison, N.Y.

See back cover for details



THE SUNDAY

God's Law demands that we keep God's day holy. The

Law of the Church forbids public business on that day

IT has been a long time coming, but at last one begins to see signs of a revolt, a turning back of the tide of Sunday shopping, which has threatened to sweep this country of ours.

Businessmen in various parts of the country, chambers of commerce, labor unions, have been adding their protests to those of Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and Catholic and Protestant lay organizations, in an effort to keep Sunday holy.

The struggle will go on for many years, because those entrenched in "Sunday shops" will not easily let go; most of them seem determined to persevere in being open for business on Sundays, though they fight through court after court, striving to nullify laws to protect the Sabbath.

Perhaps there are some who may not think this is a serious problem. If so, let them consider that the Third Commandment says: "Remember thou keep holy the Lord's day."

And further, Canon 1249 of the laws of the Church prescribes that we must abstain on Sundays from public buying and selling except when long-established custom permits this.

IT is not too difficult to determine what would be allowed in the way of public buying and selling on Sundays. The public welfare, for instance, would permit the opening of restaurants and stands, of drug stores and the like. The need of the community would of course, determine such businesses—not the profit of the businessman.

Then too, the little corner grocery stores, delicatessens, bakeries and such contribute to make Sunday a day of rest for many housewives. These might well limit their hours of business—but by long-standing custom and the greater benefit of the many, they might well be permitted to be open on Sundays.

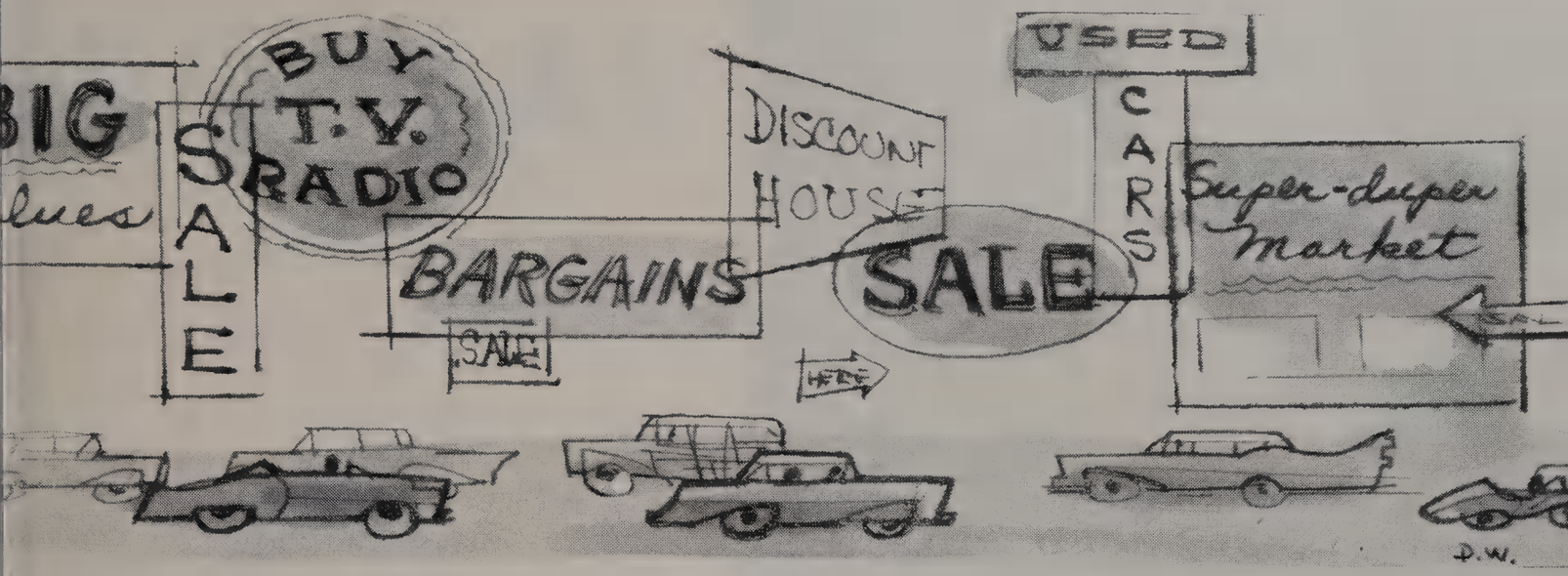
In addition, Sunday as a day of recreation, a day of rest, would permit the opening of amusement parks, gas stations, swimming pools, and similar businesses that contribute to the outdoor pleasures of people and help add to their enjoyment of Sundays.

BUT these are not the Sunday businesses that reasonable people find objectionable, and even menacing to our American traditional way of life on Sundays.

Within the past several years, there has been steadily growing in the United States a phenomenon known as the highway store. Most of its representatives have no architectural beauty; they represent the form of a fenced-in yard with a roof on it. The buildings are one-story warehouse-type structures, thrown together with girders and concrete, with sometimes windows in the front—and sometimes not.

The most necessary attachment to such highway

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan



SHOPPING EVIL

by FLOYD ANDERSON

stores is a huge parking lot, and a big, bright neon sign to proclaim "Sale" up and down the highway. And such stores are always located along the busiest highway that can be found, and usually in the limits of some small borough or township, where their taxes represent a large part of the budget. The reason is obvious—they become important to the welfare of the community, and are less likely to face restrictive action, either through ordinance or otherwise.

THIS does not mean their taxes are high—they are but a portion of their competitors in the larger communities. Since the budget of the township is not large, the share of the total paid by these stores entitles them to respect and even to accommodation.

I recall one such highway store located on a busy highway in northern New Jersey. One day it caught fire, and everyone was astounded to find that the nearest fire hydrant was a mile away. Of course the building burned to the ground, while firemen desperately tried to get up pressure by using pumpers along the route from the hydrant. But does anyone believe a store of that size, under a proper building code, would have been allowed to build in such an area without additional fire protection?

But these are side areas of danger, serious though they may be to individuals who may be endangered by such happenings. Even more serious to the community as a whole are other hazards created by the Sunday shops.

SUNDAY is losing its religious aspect as a day of worship, a day of rest. As Pope Pius XII in his 1953 Christmas message said, Sunday is losing "its unique dignity as the day devoted to the worship of God, and to physical and spiritual rest for the individual and the family."

Not too long ago, Cardinal Stritch of Chicago condemned the secular trend of business as usual on Sunday, and laid down these general principles:

A Catholic businessman may not conduct his business on Sunday.

Catholics are not permitted to work on Sunday.

Catholics may not make purchases on Sunday.

The only exceptions to these principles would be in the case of proven public good; and, he added, profits or bargains do not excuse from sin.

ARCHBISHOP KEOUGH of Baltimore issued a special statement denouncing the practice of Sunday shopping. "Catholic businessmen who indulge in such practices," he said, "are objectively guilty of sin as are all Catholics who by cooperation, either actively by selling or passively by buying, foster this practice." Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle of Washington also has warned that (*Cont. on page* 28)

See back cover for details

Our Lady

by JOHN FLEMING

CAST

BERNADETTE *(14)*
LOUISE *(Her Mother)*
FRANCOIS *(Her Father)*
CROISINE
NARRATOR

Narrator: *To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the apparitions of Our Blessed Mother to Bernadette Soubirous at Lourdes in Southern France, Pope Pius the Twelfth has declared a year of jubilee beginning February 11th.*

Narrator: (on echo–suggest Pope Pius) From February 11th to July 16th, in the year 1858, it pleased the Blessed Virgin Mary, as a new favor, to manifest Herself in the land of the Pyrenees, in France, to a pious and pure child, born of a poor, hard-working family . . . The events took place at Lourdes . . . [Today, we again turn towards the famous Sanctuary as it prepares to receive the crowd of centennial pilgrims on the shores of the River Gave.]

(Thin note of suspense – under)

(intimate) Poverty. Never enough food. In the winter, the cold rain seeps through the walls. The family of Louise and Francois Soubirous – shiver when they sleep. At the end of a day's work, Francois has no wish to be annoyed by his children, particularly by the girl Bernadette, the most stupid one.

Francois: Bernadette – I'm talking to you. What's the matter with you?

Bernadette: Nothing!

Francois: Nothing! If you ask me, there's a lot the matter with you. You ought to be ashamed.

Bernadette: For what, Papa?

Francois: For what! A man works his fingers to the bone to support his family and what does he get? You ought to be ashamed – making a fool of me!

# of Lourdes

In honor of the Lourdes Centenary this Ave Maria Hour script has been condensed and adapted for THE LAMP

Bernadette: Because — because of the Lady I saw?

Francois: God knows, I'm a good Christian man. I shouldn't be plagued by a daughter who's a liar.

Bernadette: But it's true, Papa!

Francois: All right. You saw some woman in the woods. A gypsy! But don't go around telling people you saw the Virgin Mary!

Bernadette: I haven't said that, Papa. All I said was, I saw a very beautiful lady.

Francois: Listen to me, girl. You're over fourteen now. You ought to be working to help support us. But instead of getting some sense in your head, you're beginning to commit follies — Oh, I understand why, too!

Bernadette: But I did see the Lady!

Francois: You want to show off, that's what's wrong with you. You're the most stupid girl at school and everybody knows that. So now you want people to think you're important. You and your stories about a beautiful lady with golden roses on her bare feet!

Bernadette: But it's true!

Francois: Hold your tongue before I take my strap to you! God knows, we're respectable people! But if you begin telling lies about seeing a beautiful lady in the woods, you don't belong in this family.

Bernadette: But, Papa, I really and truly did see the Lady!

Music: (Stab — under)

Narrator: The February night is cold and bleak. Bernadette's mother, Louise, listens to the muffled sobbing of one of her children. Bernadette, the oldest one. Louise drags herself out of bed and goes to the girl.

Music: (Die away)

Louise: (Low) What is it, child?

Bernadette: (Stifled) I'm afraid . . .

Louise: Afraid of what? The lady you saw?

Bernadette: Oh, no, no! (*Cont. on page* 18)

AND GOD BLESS YOU

by J. J. HANLIN

IT was the third day after the Russian, Strovsky, had given me the run of his Viennese studio that he caught me in the restaurant. As he approached, he had a little, frowning spider-to-the-fly smile through the lenses of his thick glasses. His suit was dark gray and correct for a European businessman. Still, somehow, he wasn't a finished product. Something was wrong and it might have been that the fringe of dark hair about his bald dome was too shaggy.

"Well, Mister Kelly, what have you found?" he asked.

"Nothing—"

"It has always been a source of amusement to me," he sort of drawled, if a Russian can drawl, "to what extremes you American reporters investigate . . . only to be misled in the end by your prejudiced backgrounds."

I was surprised by his criticism, as I had expected more placid conversation.

"Don't you see that we are merely interested in making money? We need money and we need you as our friend."

"You seem to have plenty of money," I shrugged. "In fact, that's what worries the Austrians. They wonder where all of it is coming from."

"I know," he said disappointed, "you think we are a front. But, believe me, we're only after money."

Suddenly, he turned and went eagerly to meet a girl who had just entered the restaurant. He brought her to my table.

"I want you to meet the young prima ballerina who will soon sign a contract," he said proudly. "Anna Cleja . . . Mister Kelly, an American."

We nodded to each other as I stood up. Then Strovsky asked her what she would like.

"Coffee," she said.

Anna Cleja had the necessary regal appearance of a prima ballerina . . . but she had more, too. She impressed me as a young actress with a fresh talent.

"You did say ballerina?" I asked.

"Yes—"

I looked closer at her. The light from the neon above was merciless. Under it, Strovsky appeared as a pale old man with too much war. But the glare had little effect on Anna's soft tan skin. Still, there was something in her face which was a little tired . . . just a little.

After Strovsky left us, I asked, "Are you Austrian, (*Cont. on page* 22)

Anna had the necessary regal appearance of a prima ballerina . . . but she had more, too. A young actress with new fresh talent. Still the strain was plain in her face

Graymoor Annals

GROUND BREAKING

QUITE SOME TIME ago we received from the State of New York a charter authorizing us to confer the Bachelor of Arts degree upon the graduates of our college. This is a temporary charter that comes up for reconsideration and permanent status within about three years.

At the present time we have one of the largest scholastic campuses in the country. The Freshman and Sophomore Years of the College of St. Pius X are housed and instructed at Montour Falls, N. Y.; the Junior and Senior Years at Saranac Lake. Since this is not particularly suitable or efficient, we long ago decided that we would establish the entire college course, given for our Friars who are in training to be Atonement Priests, at Graymoor, our Mother House.

After very careful study and planning we concluded that the time is ripe to make a beginning. We feel that we are now in a position, with the help of God and the help of our benefactors, to undertake this great work.

Crucifixion Group

And it is a great work. For years at Graymoor we have been cramped for space. Every cell in the Friary is taken up. Some of our Brothers are living down the hill at St. Joseph's. Our Tertiaries are in the Bungalow. Our Postulants are in St. John's. Actually we haven't done any serious building on the Friary or College at all, and, at Graymoor with the exceptions of the Pilgrimage Pavilion and the Pilgrimage Chapel of Our Lady of the Atonement, and the addition to St. Christopher's Inn, since 1927. While all of these buildings were necessary, they did not alleviate the situation at the Friary and consequently the facilities like the library, the refectory, the common rooms and others, designed for the small community of that time are totally inadequate to take care of the much larger community we have today.

On the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Mother, November 21, the official ground breaking ceremony for the new Friary-St. Pius X College took place. The Very Rev. Father General sang the Solemn High Mass. Very Rev. Fathers Bonaventure, S.A. and Samuel, S.A. were respectively Deacon and Subdeacon. Father Andrew, S.A. and Father John Forest, S.A. were Master and Thurifer.

In his sermon the Father Guardian, Very Rev. Fr. Alexander, S.A., said in part:

"This day, the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is a very important and significant date in the annals of our Society, because at the completion of this ground-breaking ceremony we will have inaugurated the most expansive building program thus far attempted by the Friars. It is most fitting that we begin this ceremony by the celebration of a solemn Mass in which we give glory to God and offer Him our heartfelt gratitude for His past favors and blessings, and seek His aid for our future endeavors. Everyone, I am sure, will recognize the fact that the Hand of God is evident in this long-range building plan. God created the need to build. In His loving Providence He has given us an increase of vocations to both the Priesthood and the Brotherhood; He is the cause of the expansion of our Apostolic Works, and the consequent need for better facilities and accommodations so as to fulfill the purpose of our Religious existence.

"Certainly God is giving us another proof that He is slowly but surely fulfilling His Covenant Promise to Father Paul—Multiplying, I will multiply you. Without hesitation I can apply the words of Gamaliel in the Acts of the Apostles—"If this plan is of God; . . . you will not be able to overthrow it. It will succeed." It will succeed also because God's representatives, your superiors, after long and serious consideration, decreed that we should build here and now. Since God has given the spiritual increase and established the need to build, we can fearlessly yet prudently proceed with the firm faith that God will help us.

"It is also fitting that today's ceremony should be held on the beautiful feast of Our Lady's Presentation because our program is under the auspices of Our Lady, and secondly because of the significance of today's feast. After Our Lady expressed her love and gratitude for the favors granted her in the Person of her Child, Simeon prophesied a life of sacrifice for her; in other words she would pay a debt for the glory given her. The same pattern can be applied to us in so far as God grants success to those only who cooperate with Him through prayer and sacrifice. Prayer and sacrifice have always been the handmaids of God's grace and aid; without these prerequisites we cannot hope to succeed in our program. How well did Father Founder, his associ-

ates, and our predecessors teach us this lesson! They began to build from nothing and with nothing. By their prayers and sacrifices, their cooperation with God's Grace, they put personal meaning into the words of the Psalmist—"Unless the Lord build a house, they labor in vain who build it." (Psalm 126)

"God will bless our efforts also only in the measure that we will pray and sacrifice. This is the pattern found throughout the Scriptures, and in the History of the Church. Cooperate seriously and prayerfully with the spiritual and economic programs given us by our superiors for the duration of the building program.

"This day then gives us the opportunity to fulfill a twofold purpose, namely to thank God for His Love and protection in the past. Secondly, to beseech Our Lady to obtain from God that spirit of prayer and sacrifice which will spell for us Success."

EXCAVATION

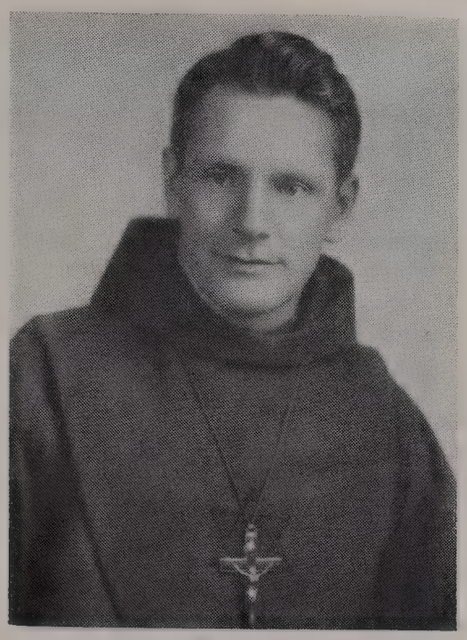
DIGGING THE FOUNDATION for the new St. Pius X College began that same afternoon. Since then Bro. Gregory, S.A. and his crew with John Gorman, who learned his art with the United States Army in Turkey driving the truck, all under the direction of Father Bonaventure, S.A., haven't missed a day. The compressor that drives the jack hammers clocks away for hours on end. Suddenly there is the blessed relief of silence; then a sharp cry, "Fire" and a few moments later a dull "Boom" that shakes loose a couple of tons of the solid rock.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

WE ARE USING the rock and soil from the excavation to fill in the valley near the Pilgrimage Chapel where we intend to erect our new outdoor Stations of the Cross. Together with the woods and the field adjacent this should make a very beautiful setting for the truly Franciscan devotion. From the requests made by our pilgrims during the summer we are quite sure that the outdoor Stations of the Cross will be most popular with our friends who come to visit us.

We're not quite sure yet just what

St. Thomas a Becket



Fr. Alexander, S.A.

material we shall use for the Stations. The plaques that show the figures of Christ and the others will be of metal, that is sure. The picture shows the plaques mounted on wood, but most of us feel that a nice field stone shrine for each station would be much

One of the Stations

more appropriate and would stand up to the weather better.

The Crucifixion Group, which will be erected on a small knoll, is entirely of metal. Just to give you an idea, the Cross is 16 feet high above the ground. The figures are in six foot proportion. We feel that this Crucifixion Group will be a fitting close to the Stations of the Cross.

Metal statues, of course, are very expensive but for outdoors they are best. They last indefinitely. The prices are as follows:

Crucifix	$2,000
Blessed Virgin	1,000
St. John	1,000
Mary Magdalen	1,000

The stations—14 in all—$150 each.

Possibly you might like to donate a Crucifix or a Statue or one of the Stations as a memorial gift either in your own name or the name of your family or in the name of a deceased husband or wife or father or mother or some other relative or friend.

For on each complete Crucifix or Statue or Station donated we will be most happy to inscribe the name of the person in whose memory it is and the name of the donor.

However we realize that the number of people who can afford to contribute the full cost of a statue or even a Station is very small. Besides we would like to give as many as possible an opportunity to join with us in erecting this Crucifixion Scene and the Stations of the Cross because they will give glory to God, enhance the beauty and prayerful atmosphere of our holy Mount of the Atonement and be a powerful inspiration to our visitors.

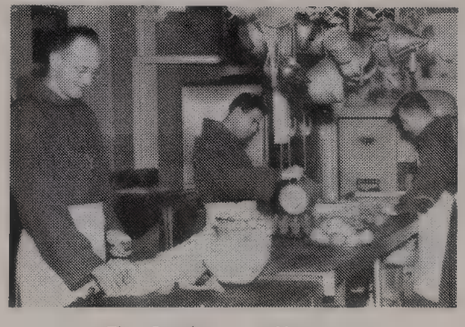
If you would like to send a contribution or if you would like more information write to:

Very Rev. Fr. Alexander, S.A.
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

MONTOUR BRIEFS

BEFORE LEAVING for a three week Christmas vacation, the seminarians at Montour Falls, New York watched the St. Pius X Collegians present on stage T. S. Eliot's *Murder in a Cathedral*, the story of the assassination of England's St. Thomas a Becket. It was a brilliant success, thanks primarily to the excellent supervision of the director, Fr. Ralph Thomas, S.A., and the superb portrayal of the Archbishop by Edward Houghton. A large crowd of friends from Corning, Elmira, and Watkins Glen attended the

Continued on page 18



The Brothers at Montour

See back cover for details

Graymoor Annals

Continued from page 17

performance. Soon afterwards the seminarians journeyed home for their Christmas rest.

Back at the "grind" once more, seminary students are trying hard to brush off the vacation "rust" in an effort to meet the fast approaching Semester Examinations. During the examination week, the Chair of Unity Octave will be conducted each evening at the Seminary. The Unity Observance throughout the Elmira-Corning area is being directed by Fr. DeSales Standerwick, S.A., a member of the seminary faculty.

The role of music—both liturgical and non-liturgical—has occupied an important place in our training. Fr. Blaise Burniston, S.A., the seminary choir director, is now preparing parts of a *Missa Choralis*, to be sung at the Easter Vigil. The St. Pius X Septet, begun by Edward Houghton, has become quite popular among the students. The other members include: Joseph Bascone, Anthony Maleski, Nicholas Hanna, Brady Duffey, James Lonergan, and James Lewis. They have provided much choral entertainment with such songs as, "Stout-Hearted Men," "The Whiffenpoof Song," and "Carol of the Bells."

Fr. Ambrose, S.A., one of our Graymoor Missioners home from Japan, spoke to the seminarians one evening on the many different aspects of the Japanese Mission Field. Father remained at the seminary for about five days, December 8 to December 13. †

~~~~~

Our Lady of Lourdes

Continued from page 13

Louise: Then what?

Bernadette: I'm so afraid I'll never see her again. She's so beautiful. She's the most beautiful thing in the world. When I think of never seeing her again — I want to die —

Louise: Darling, you didn't really see Mary, the Mother of God.

Bernadette: But I haven't said I did! I don't know who she is! She's just a very beautiful lady —

Louise: Girls your age often see things that don't exist — but it passes —

Bernadette: She does exist! I saw her!

Louise: (Wearily) Try to forget this. Life is hard enough for people like us. And it goes by so fast. You're a big girl now. In a year or two, you'll find a man and you'll be having children of your own — the way I did —

Bernadette: I know — but that's got nothing to do with a lady I saw —

Louise: In a few weeks, you'll forget all about her —

Bernadette: Oh, no, no, no —

Louise: (Gently) Now go to sleep, darling —

Bernadette: Mama, may I go back to that place tomorrow — after school?

Louise: (Sighs) I suppose so, if you must.

Music: (Punctuation — under)

Narrator: Everyone in the neighborhood has heard about the mysterious lady. Some of them mock Bernadette. At school, her teacher makes fun of her. Others are curious. Ask the lady her name, they tell Bernadette. Ask her where she comes from. Ask her if she's the Mother of God.

Music: (Out)

Sound: (Small exterior crowd)

Narrator: The grotto in the woods where Bernadette claims to have seen the Lady. A small crowd gathers there. Bernadette's mother is present. But she stays on the fringes. A neighbor, a certain Madame Croisine Bouhouhorts, is there. She has all the troubles in the world — a sick, two-year-old child who cannot live long.

Sound: (Up just slightly and under)

Croisine: Hallo, Louise.

Louise: Hallo, Croisine.

Croisine: I thought you'd be here.

Louise: I'm half out of my mind. I think I'm losing my daughter —

Croisine: If you lose one child — you still have others. You're luckier than me —

Louise: How's the baby?

Croisine: Another convulsion last night. He'd be better off dead —

Louise: (Gently) You can say that?

Croisine: (Mutter) I can say it — even if I don't mean it.
(Beat) Your husband's here.

Louise: Francois!

Francois: (Fade in) What's the matter? Haven't I got a right to see what's going on?

Louise: (Quiet) She's over there.

Francois: You think I'm blind?

Louise: If she sees things the rest of us don't see — we're all blind.

Francois: (Sneers) I'm told she's going to ask this lady some questions.

Louise: She's been told what to ask.

Francois: IF the lady appears.

Louise: (Shrugs) The child is sure she *will* appear.

Francois: What do YOU think, Croisine?

Croisine: I don't know.

Francois: Half these fools really think they're going to see the Virgin Mary.

Croisine: Well, you came here.

Francois: God knows, a man has no right to take time off from work. But she's my daughter! I ought to go over there and take her by the scruff of the neck —

Louise: (Low) Be quiet, Francois.

Sound: (Crowd out)

Francois: (Cue — low) What's going on?

Narrator: The crowd is silent — fascinated. Bernadette kneels in the grotto, staring at a clump of black rock. Her face has taken on a supernatural beauty. A shiver runs through the crowd. The girl sees something — or someone — visible only to her. The girl's lips are quite still but everyone has the feeling she is talking to someone. Is it indeed the Virgin Mary? If so, how does this simple peasant girl address her?

Music: (Fade)

Bernadette: (On echo — softly and simply — addressing an ordinary person) Oh, Madame, thank you so much for coming here again. But I was sure you would. I really was. And please understand I didn't ask all these people to follow me. Only since they are here — they've told me to ask you a question. They want to know who you are and where you come from.

Lady: (On echo — a low ripple of amused laughter)

Music: (A rippling note — brief tag, gay — out)

Sound: (BG a few blurred voices)

Francois: (Calls) What is it, girl? Is there anyone there with you?

Bernadette: (Off) Yes, Papa. The lady is here.

Francois: (Calls) Did you ask her who she is?

Bernadette: Oh, yes —

Francois: (Calls) And what did she say?

Bernadette: She didn't say anything. She just laughed!

Francois: Laughed! Well, that wasn't very polite of her.

Louise: Francois, hush!

Francois: (Growls) What hush? Look at that fool girl! What's she doing now? Trying to make her lady laugh again?

Music: (Punctuation — under)

Narrator: Silence again now. The girl seems transformed, in a trance. There is a marble-like beauty about her. Sometimes, she makes a gesture as one gestures while talking. But there is no sound from her. After awhile, it's all over and the girl is normal again. And they crowd around her.

Music: (Out)

Sound: (BG small crowd)

Francois: Did you talk with the lady?
~~~~~

Bernadette: Yes, Papa –
Francois: What about?
Bernadette: She says it's all right for people to come here. She wants processions of people to come here –
Francois: Oh, she does, does she?
Bernadette: And she wants a chapel built in this grotto.
Francois: Chapel! Is she going to find the money to build it?
Bernadette: I don't think so. I didn't ask her that.
Francois: (Sarcastic) You'd better make sure to ask her the next time you see her. Is she coming here again?
Bernadette: Yes! She asked me to meet her here for each of the next fifteen days!
Francois: (Gruff) Louise – take your daughter home before I lose my temper.
Louise: (Gently) Come, darling – Come on home.
Bernadette: (Whisper) Mama, she's so beautiful. And so young. She's not much older than me.
Music: (Mild punctuation – under)
Narrator: The beauty. Always the beauty of the mysterious lady. The word is spreading now, spreading all across France. Thousands of people come from every direction. In the Church, there is wonderment – perhaps a little consternation – and a great deal of worry. The girl's family becomes famous. Her father's lot improves. Things are much better with him. And every day, the crowd becomes larger at the grotto as Bernadette meets the lady. Wealthy people want to adopt her but she refuses to go to them. Francois Soubirous feels very important these days.
Music: (Out)
Francois: You – you hear the talk, eh, Louise?
Louise: (Troubled) My head's going round and round –
Francois: They're saying our daughter's so simple and so pure – she's the favorite of the Virgin Mary –
Louise: Do you think it's like that?
Francois: Well, God knows, she's simple enough! And we brought her up to be pure! Some credit is due us, I should think – wouldn't you?
Louise: I really don't know what to think –
Francois: And I suppose there'll be a miracle of some sort before the Fifteenth Day –
Louise: Everybody seems to think so–
Francois: It's bound to happen –
Louise: It's frightening –
Francois: And to think she's our daughter! And the Mother of God actually talks to her!
Louise: She doesn't claim the lady's the Mother of God.
Francois: Oh, she must be! The girl just doesn't understand.
Music: (Punctuation – under with suspense)
Narrator: Thursday. 25th day of February. The fateful 15th day, the day Bernadette dreads, for she fears today will be the last time the lady will appear to her. Thousands crowd about the grotto. Police stand by – fearful of a riot. Most of France and the rest of Europe wonders what will happen. Bernadette is in her customary place, kneeling before the clump of rock. And the crowd waits for the transformation that will come over her when she sees the lady. (Beat) It's happening now – and the crowd is silent.
Music: (New note in BG)
Bernadette: (On echo – a whisper) Oh, Madame, my beautiful, beautiful lady, please tell me I'll see you again – Please give me this happiness –
Lady: (On echo – very human) Happiness? I can't promise to make you happy in this world – only in the next. But now go to yonder spring – and drink the water – and wash yourself in it.
Music: (Sharp punctuation – under with suspense)
Narrator: Spring? The girl stares about. There is no spring that she can see. Still the lady spoke of one, so it must be there. If not above the ground, then below. She crawls to the place the lady indicated. She sees nothing except dry earth. But the spring must be there. So she digs with her fingers.
Music: (Out)
Sound: (BG crowd – not too loud)
Louise: (Mutters) What's she doing?
Francois: (Mutters) Looking for something –
Louise: (An alarmed half sob) She'll tear her little hands to pieces –
Francois: (Tense) She's mad! Look at her – acting like some animal –
Louise: (Low – in horror) She's eating the dirt! (Cries out) Stop her – She'll make herself ill –
Music: (Stab – out)
Sound: (Blurred voices in BG)
Bernadette: (A little sob)
Louise: (Soft) What were you doing?
Bernadette: (Sobs) She's gone. I'll never see her again –
Louise: But why were you eating mud and dirt?
Bernadette: (Simply) The Lady told me to go to the spring and drink the water –
Louise: But there is no spring –
Bernadette: There must be one – if she spoke of it. Besides, I did find a little water –
Louise: (Moans) Just mud – only mud –
Bernadette: There was water too. I couldn't drink it without swallowing some mud too –
Louise: (Moans) Darling, there's no spring there.
Music: (Stab – out)
Francois: (Growls) How is she?
Louise: I put her to bed. She's sick, poor little lamb.
Francois: I've got to sit down.
Louise: Don't be angry with her.
Francois: They laughed at her. Everybody laughed. They say she ought to be put away.
Louise: They're cruel. Just because they expected some miracle and it didn't happen –
Francois: (Knows something) It didn't, ei?
Louise: (Beat) What do you mean?
Francois: A miracle just happened. You know old man Bouriette? The fellow who's blind in one eye –
Louise: Yes?
Francois: He sent for some of the mud Bernadette was eating. And he put some of it over his blind eye. He can see now. He's got the sight back.
Music: (Punctuation – under)
Narrator: A retired stone-mason named Bouriette claims a miracle. But few pay heed to it. Doctors provide what passes for a plausible explanation, and the incident is forgotten. Only a few days later . . .
Music: (Out sharply)
Sound: (Close door)
Francois: Louise! It's happened –
Louise: What has?
Francois: The spring! The spring's come through! It's gushing clean water!
Louise: (Whisper) Mother of God! Oh, Mother of God!
Francois: Where's the child?
Louise: In bed –
Francois: Wake her up. We have to tell her. Well, this'll make a few people laugh on the other side of their faces!
Music: (Punctuation and under)
Narrator: So the spring is there, after all. News spreads like wildfire. Thousands come to see it. And still the idea of a miracle is not generally accepted. They call the spring a natural phenomenon. (Beat) A few nights later now. Bernadette's father dozes in his chair. Some-

Continued on page 20

See back cover for details

Our Lady of Lourdes

Continued from page 19

thing wakes him. His wife is putting on her shawl to go out.

Music: (Out)

Francois: (Drowsy) Where're you going?

Louise: Over to Croisine's house.

Francois: What's the matter?

Louise: Her baby's dying –

Francois: (Beat) Well, maybe it's for the best –

Louise: That doesn't help the way she feels –

Francois: I know that. But there's nothing you can do –

Louise: I can be with her –

Francois: You'd better stay here –

Louise: I can't –

Francois: And you can't walk through the streets at night, either. Not lately. Not with all the strangers we've got here – and the gypsies –

Louise: Then put your coat on and come with me –

Francois: (Sighs) Oh! The only time a man'll ever get his proper rest is when he's dead.

Music: (Punctuation – out)

Croisine: (Stifled sob) My baby won't live through the night –

Louise: Has the doctor been?

Croisine: Yes –

Louise: Maybe the doctor's wrong –

Croisine: Louise, I've been a good woman –

Louise: I know –

Croisine: Why should my baby have been born like this? Why should I have been punished like this?

Louise: (Gently) It doesn't seem fair, I know – (Beat) Croisine? (Beat) What is it?

Croisine: (Mutters – staring) Bernadette!

Louise: Bernadette?

Croisine: (Tense) The old man Bouriette got back his sight didn't he? He rubbed some of that mud in his eyes. (Beat) Louise!

Louise: (Low) No, you mustn't. You mustn't look for any miracles –

Croisine: Why not? WHY NOT?

Louise: (Tense) Croisine, please –

Croisine: (Frenzied) Louise – let go of me – I know what I'm doing. Anyway, I have nothing to lose – I'm going there – I'm going to that spring – I'm taking my baby there –

Music: (Sting – under)

Narrator: Before anyone can stop her, the woman snatches up her dying child, wraps her apron about its naked body and runs out into the street. Suddenly, she seems to have lost her mind. She runs and leaps about like a madwoman. A crowd follows her but no one overtakes her until she reaches the spring. Even as the crowd arrives – it sees the woman plunge the baby into the icy water – and hold it there.

Music: (Out sharply – like an intake of breath)

Croisine: (A frenzied cry) Mary, Mother of God, accept my baby – or give him back to me!

Louise: (Off a little) Croisine – you're killing the child –

Croisine: If I can't save him, I'll kill him. What's the difference?

Francois: (Low) Let her alone.

Sound: (Fade crowd into silence) (Then)

Music: (A faint note – suspense – fill for a moment)

Croisine: (A little sound, tiny sob of disbelief, then into a sobbing cry of triumph) He's alive! He's well. My baby's cured! He's cured! My baby's been reborn!

Music: (Up to peak) (Under with thin note of holiness)

Narrator: The first healing. The first miracle happens–in Lourdes. Very few doubt–now–that Bernadette saw and spoke to–the Virgin Mary. Time passing quickly now. Tens of thousands flock to the spring. Bernadette's mother and father live with a sense of unreality–which Bernadette fails to share.

Music: (Out)

Louise: (Soft–Wonderingly) Darling, are you sacred?

Bernadette: Oh, Mama, that's so silly–

Francois: You hear what she says?

Louise: But it's like having an angel in the house.

Bernadette: Mama, I'm just as I always was–

Louise: What did–what did all those people have to say to you today?

Francois: The Bishop and all the others–

Bernadette: (Beat–a little sob)

Louise: (Tender) What is it, darling?

Bernadette: They don't think I should get married–

Louise: Well, there's plenty of time for that–

Bernadette: I mean–ever!

Francois: (Mutters) They're right. It's what I've been thinking too.

Louise: That she must never get married?

Francois: (Mutter) it doesn't seem right–she should marry. She's–she's very special.

Bernadette: They want me to–to go into–Seclusion–

Louise: Seclusion!

Francois: She means–take holy vows.

Louise: Is–is that what you mean, dear?

Bernadette: Yes–

Louise: Oh–

Bernadette: They say the Pope and all the cardinals will have to watch me for the rest of my life–in case I see my beautiful Lady again–

Louise: (Whispers) Yes, I understand darling–

Bernadette: They think I should spend all my time thinking about her–and praying to her–

Louise: (Softly) How wonderful–

Bernadette: (Appeals) Papa–

Francois: (Mutters) God knows, you're different from all other girls. Maybe your beautiful Lady wants you to–what do they call it–dedicate the rest of your life to her–

Bernadette: (Tearful) The Bishop says I'm like a precious flower–

Louise: You are one, dear–

Bernadette: But I'm not–

Louise: The Mother of God chose you.

Bernadette: (Fretfully) I wish she would tell me what to do.

Louise: (Softly) she is telling you, dear. She is telling you–through the Bishop and the others–don't you understand that? The Bishop is her servant.

Bernadette: (Tired) Well, why didn't he tell me that?

Louise: (Tenderly) I suppose he thought you knew.

Music: (Soft BG)

Narrator: The child Bernadette claims nothing. She had been the instrument of the Blessed Virgin. Miracles occur every day at the spring where she stood with the beautiful Lady. But the child refuses to accept credit. It is enough for her–that she loves Mary, that Mary loves her. This is all she wants. The knowledge fills her with Grace–and she enters the convent . . . her purpose–served . . . her saintliness assured.

Music: (Punctuation–new note under)

Narrator: Now in the year 1958, at Saint Peter's in Rome–on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the Virgin Mary's appearance at Lourdes–His Holiness, Pope Pius the Twelfth, recalls Bernadette to the Christian world.

Narrator: (On echo–suggest Pope Pius) "Kindly come–" said the Virgin to Bernadette. This discreet invitation does not compel. . . . it only requests. It leaves you free to choose. You can remain deaf to Mary. Or you can turn to her. Through Bernadette, she gave us a Sign of the Truth. Go to her, you

Continued on page 22

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

At St. Anthony's Feet

ST. ANTHONY AND UNITY APOSTOLATE. At first glance our patron saint might seem to have very little connection with the work of Christian Unity. But when we realize his marvelous gifts in bringing souls back to the Church and in converting the many heretics of his day, we know that St. Anthony is a model of prayer and intercession for us at this time of the year.

Anthony began his apostolate among these fallen away Catholics and gently drew them back to the true Fold from which they had wandered as though they could find any life-giving pastures apart from the Church. The chief need was to make them understand God's infinite love for them. The arms of Jesus Crucified were always extended wide to receive the repentant sinner.

Some preachers of the gospel had attempted to win the Cathari and the Albigenses of Rimini back to the Church, but they met with little success. The heretics began to study the private lives of the erstwhile apostles and found them not fully blameless. Then they pointed the finger of scorn at their would-be converters. Other men of virtue sought their conversion, but lacking the knowledge to refute their errors they too ended in confusion.

But the young friar whom Fra Gratian had sent from Monte Paolo was of a different mold. No one could point a finger at him, nor could they best him in an argument. His holiness of life and his profound knowledge would overcome all of them. The heresy that had been spreading so rapidly met its match, and more, in the character of Anthony (not of Padua yet). His first sermon to the heretical throng was met with an admiring, if sullen, silence.

Even Bonvillo, the purest of the Pure, who had spent 30 years pushing forward the frontiers of Albigensianism found himself won by the man from Monte Paolo. Like another Nicodemus coming at night, Bonvillo knelt before the saint who knew and loved the Light of the World so deeply.

And when Bonvillo renounced his errors, hundreds followed, and then thousands. The radiance of Divine Truth dispelled the darkness of error. It was a mass conquest for Christ and His Church. At times as many as 30,000 came to hear Anthony speak. But success did not dazzle him. "Not to Anthony, O Lord, but unto thy Name, give glory. For Anthony is but Thy servant. Thou alone art most holy, Thou alone art Lord, Thou alone art the Most High."

In speaking of Love for the Divine Child, he would say: "God made Himself a little child for us; He was born for us. Among His many titles He is called a little Child. I shall use this one. You have hurt a child and struck him; but then you show him kindness by giving him a rose, or flower, or some other object that he treasures. Instantly he forgot the injury you did him; his anger is gone and he runs to embrace you. So it is with Christ. You have offended Him by serious sin or wounded Him by some fault, but you offer Him the flower of contrition or the rose of a confession steeped in tears. Tears are the blood of the soul. At once He forgets your offence, He forgives your sin, He runs, He takes you in His arms and gives you His kiss of peace."

THE PRIMACY OF PETER. In commenting on the text "I shall give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven" (Mt. 16:19) our saints say that "St. Peter was placed at the head of the apostles and at the head of the Church" and that "to him who had made a profession of Christ's divinity before all the rest, was also given before all the other apostles the prerogatives of the keys." In a sermon on the Chair of Peter, St. Anthony speaks of the divine origin of Peter's primacy, its nature, extent, and its efficacy. "Indeed as a mere man, St. Peter was an ignorant person, but sitting on his chair he was most wise."

CHRIST THE KING. "Behold therefore your King who has come for your benefit; mild that He may be loved, not on account of His power that He might be feared. . . . He came not that He might do battle while alive, but that He might triumph in His death. . . . Everyone of the faithful in this work is truly noble, due to his union with Christ, Who is the King of kings of all creation and presides over the angels in heaven and men.

"This man who is also a King is our Lord Jesus Christ. He is a man in His humanity, a King in His divinity; a man in His nativity, a King in His passion in which He had the regalia of a King, viz., a crown, purple garments, and a sceptre."

"There was none more patient nor more humble that He when He was scourged, crowned with thorns, struck with reeds. There is no one more stronger than He, who by an irrevocable sentence will cast the devil and his followers into hell, from which

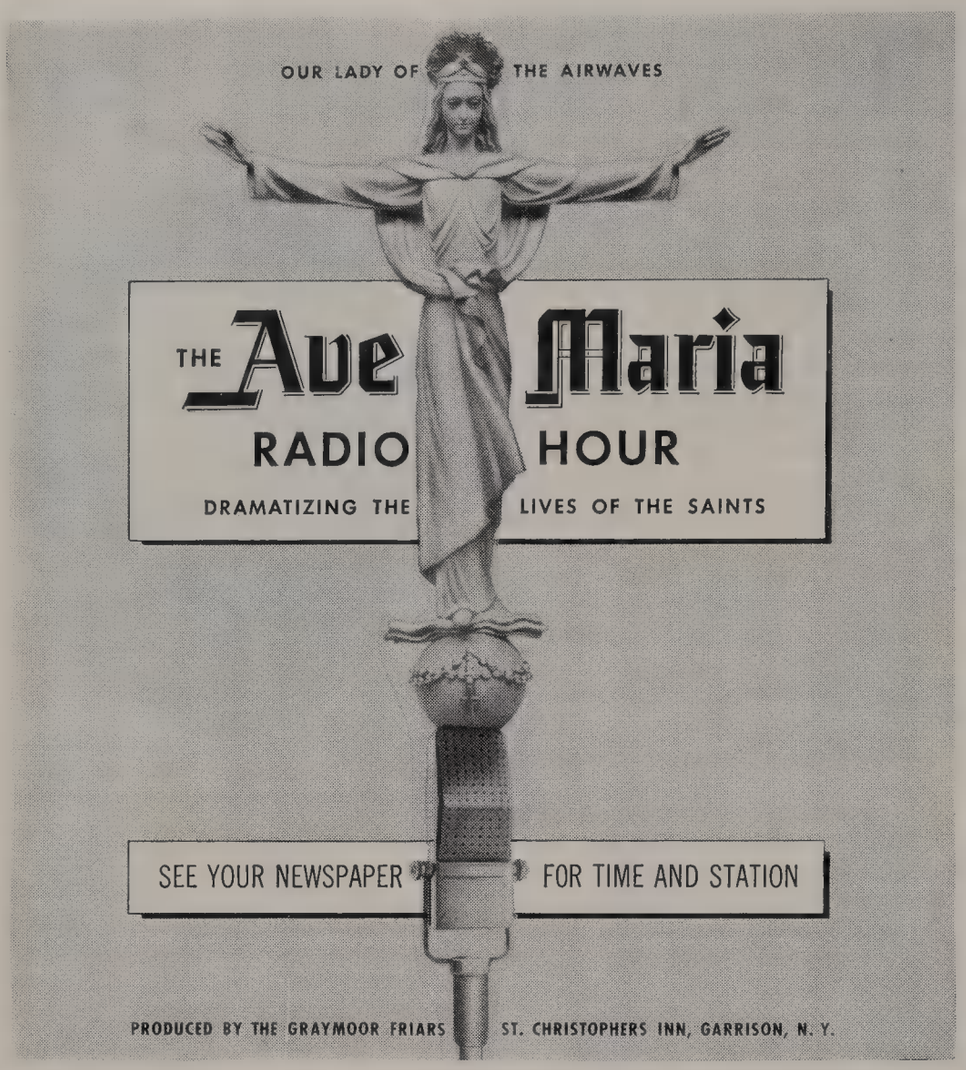
may He preserve us Who is blessed forever."

"Our Lord Jesus Christ Who is the power and Wisdom of God, made Himself a throne on which He might recline. His throne is the soul of every just person which by His wisdom He created when it was not, and which by His power He recreated when it was lost."

ST. ANTHONY AND ENGLAND. We have found the little verse from Francis Thompson in honor of the Paduan saint and in invocation of his aid in securing the greatest gift of all: that of the true faith.

Thou find'st, men say, the thing that's lost. Behold
This England, Anthony, which knows thee not;
For she hath lost an antique Pearl of price.
Her loss is old,
Whereforth she hath forgot
All but the lack which teacheth her its costs
And quests with many a voice device,
Indeed unremitting what.
And with religion vain,
All things she searcheth that are for her pain;
With veriest prayer
Importunes leading on all paths that err.
Yield, Anthony, her blind
Petition, after God's own mind
And those calm ways the unhasty heavens allot;—
The things she seeketh give her not to find,
Give her to find the things she seeketh not.

See back cover for details


OUR LADY OF THE AIRWAVES
THE Ave Maria
RADIO HOUR
DRAMATIZING THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS
SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND STATION
PRODUCED BY THE GRAYMOOR FRIARS ST. CHRISTOPHERS INN, GARRISON, N. Y.

Our Lady of Lourdes

Continued from page 20

who are crushed by miseries. Go to her you who are in mourning and assailed by moral trials.

Music: (Punctuation—under with new note)

Sound: (Cut Echo)

Narrator: Not everyone can journey on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. But as Pope Pius the 12th proclaimed the 1958 celebration of Bernadette, and as he warns us against the dark materialism of the world—we can all turn in spirit towards Mary, seeking Grace, praying for strength in these different days through the beautiful Lady of Lourdes.

Music: (Up to peak)

END

And God Bless You

Continued from page 15

Miss Cleja?"

"Hungarian—"

She said it with a touch of sadness that I understood, but made no attempt to let on that I did.

"I was in Hungary recently—"

"So was I," she said sadly.

"How was it that you . . . that you chose *this* studio?"

"No other studio needs a ballet dancer. And if they did, they would pay only a fifth of what Mister Strovsky offers." She moved over on the bench as if she were looking at me for the first time. "If I received the part, I would be paid 250,000 shillings."

"In America they pay even better than that—"

"This is not America," she said softly.

Well, I thought, it's your life, not mine. But if I were a Hungarian, I wouldn't be caught dead in this place. But then there are always the few . . . the few who are willing to sell their souls to Moscow. I saw them even during the height of the revolt. And Moscow was very eager to buy Hungarians these days! Any cooperative Hungarian can almost name his own price.

Still, she wasn't very old, this kid . . .

"You're young for a prima ballerina—"

"Twenty—"

I was mad. At least, I was annoyed and good. If I went soft, I'd never come up with a good story. And this beautiful girl . . . young, in need of money, for they all were, these refugees. Could I really say she was old enough to think things out? Did she understand what was going on?

"Maybe there is a story in you," I told her. "I'm a journalist with an interest in things Hungarian. Can I take you home . . . we can talk on the way."

Her eyes widened with slight fear and she stared at me. But then she shrugged, as only a refugee can. "All right," she said. "But I can't invite you up. My father is sick . . . nervous sick. Everything upsets him."

I figured this might be a good way to get some real inside material that would lead right into Moscow. I kept talking and, as it turned out, I talked her into having dinner with me. There are many atmosphere spots in Vienna which are good for talking.

We finally decided on the "High House." From our table we could see Catholic Vienna below us beginning to twinkle with yellow lights. Nearby, the historic St. Stephen's Cathedral jagged its tower into low-hanging clouds.

"You're not like most Americans," she told me.

I picked up the menu. "How are most Americans?"

"Loud."

"Do you know any Americans?"

"No—"

"Then how do you know they're loud . . . or any louder than anyone else?"

We were sitting close together, looking at each other, and she began to laugh. Then I laughed, too. I guess it was youth.

Suddenly, I found myself saying, "Anna, why are you getting mixed up with an outfit like Strovsky's?"

"I need money . . . my father is very sick. As a refugee, you get lots of sympathy. But you can't buy hospitalization with tears." Her face dimmed. "Can you blame me?"

"Look," I told her, "I can't exactly blame you because I don't think you know what you're doing. But what about tomorrow when you're one of them? Will they pay you well then, too?"

"Tomorrow?" she asked with incredulity. "When you've gone through what my father and I have . . . well, there is no tomorrow."

"But the Communists—"

"Communists?" she said. "What do you know about Communism? Oh, I know, you walked into Hungary and interviewed some Freedom Fighters. But I've lived under it. My mother died in the exertion of making it

across the border near Sopron. Where my brother is, if he's alive, we have no idea."

I nodded slowly. "I'm sorry . . . but if you're a refugee, you can—"

"Sure," she shrugged. "I can go to some camp and wait until a Western nation decides I'd make a good farmer. But I'm an artist . . . and a ballerina has only a few years."

She was right, of course. I had no answer. Seemingly, the more refugees they moved out of Austria, the bigger the inflow became. Certainly, 95 per cent of the people were anti-Communist in those countries. Perhaps even more. The revolts, I'm convinced, are just beginning. But what can be done about the people? If you move 20,000 out, immediately 25,000 more arrive, it seems. What's to happen to the overload? And so many of them don't want to leave Austria. In their hearts, they are Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, Croatians, Serbs, Slovenians . . . they love their countries and watch for the hour that they can return. Meanwhile, the cream of Central Europe is rotting away on both sides of the Iron Curtain waiting for freedom.

"What a terrible thing Communism is," I said slowly.

"You Americans—"

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, forget it," she said. "You'd never understand. You probably think Strovsky, for example, is a Communist?"

I stared at her.

"Isn't he?"

"He has to live. But when you live under Communism, you realize that no one wants it. The top men are the worst off. They are actually prisoners. Everyone is trapped . . . and everyone hates it. It's incredible."

"What keeps it going?"

"Fear . . . and the fear in the West that people want Communism, rather than the understanding that no one seemingly wants it. What they want is to help them get rid of it."

"Let's order dinner," I told her.

Later on, dancing with a prima ballerina is no different than dancing with any other beautiful girl, I discovered, even though ballet is one of the world's most exacting arts. And falling in love with her? That's the same, too. We seemed to float on the breeze coming in from the city. Love was impossible, of course. But I had to fight my feeling for her. She was genuine, this girl.

"Are you Catholic?" I asked her, afraid of myself.

"Of course." she said. "Until I was 14, I spoke more French than I did Hungarian. I was educated by French nuns."

Later I took her home to a battered apartment house in the third district. At the door, she glanced at me and seemed to sense all that I wanted to say to her but couldn't because it was our first night together. Then she sighed and her eyes began to stray. I followed those eyes and I became aware of a short, stocky man watching us from a doorway down the street.

"It seems like he's been following us," I said.

"Now, don't you get it, too—"

"What?"

"Fear—"

"Let's walk a little longer," I said.

"All right—"

We walked arm-in-arm. Shadows gathered around us as we passed the last apartment house and moved out into a bombed area. The Viennese were clearing them up very fast now, but there are still a few. The pressure of her hand urged me forward through the darkness. A church was the only thing on the horizon.

"What do you do tomorrow?" I asked. "It's Sunday."

She nodded toward the church. "Mass . . . I always go early. It's a habit I got into in Hungary. Police checkers are lazy."

"Can I go with you?"

"Yes—"

Her cheeks went wet and her hand on my arm was fiercely strong. When we got back to the light of her doorway and she took out a handkerchief, she shook her head a bit and smiled at me.

"I never though I'd meet you in a Communist studio," I said.

"Don't get back to that!"

I had other things on my mind anyways. The short character was still in the doorway. His silent presence bothered me.

"Would you wait down here just a minute?" she asked.

"Sure—"

I watched her as she walked down the hallway and ascended the stairs, her black hair glinting and her steps light and jaunty. Then I took out a cigarette and again glanced at the man in the doorway. In the next instant, I heard her call me from above. She was three floors up, leaning out the window.

"Goodnight, Kelly," she said softly. "See you at seven-thirty—"

I groaned. Seven-thirty! What's with these Hungarians anyways? "Okay," I said, "if you can do it . . .I can."

As I walked toward my place, I didn't notice the stocky boy until he was beside me. I guess I was thinking about getting up so early. He tapped me on the shoulder.

"Fire?" he asked, showing me a cigarette.

"Yeah, sure—"

I brought out my lighter and made a flame. He had a pale face, high cheek bones and wide-set eyes. That was the last thing I saw. For something hit me with such savagery that I dropped flat on the sidewalk. The next thing I was aware of was his dark figure straddling over me and going through my pockets. I felt my wallet go . . . then the papers in my suitcoat. After that, I guess I didn't feel much of anything for quite a while.

There was a bell ringing in the church nearby. When the sidewalk began to spin, I returned to consciousness and held on to keep from being thrown off into the gutter. For a long time I laid there with this feeling of being spun. Then it stopped and I reached for my wallet. It was there but my papers were gone. They were only translations from the Austrian press. I got up and walked home.

Irishmen must have hard heads. Strangely, I was in excellent spirits the following morning. I didn't even have a bump on my bean. And I didn't tell Anna what happened. Once or twice, having breakfast in a coffeehouse after church, I made casual and hinting references to my walk home. But she didn't look away when I probed her face. She went right on watching me with her dark, warm eyes, the way a girl watches a man when she finds she is in love.

"Anna," I said finally after I had finished off the last of our crisp rolls, *Kaisersemmeln,* "why did you ask me to wait last night?"

"Because . . . well, I guess I'm still afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"We *are* refugees, you know."

I took out a package of cigarettes. "You mean you're still afraid of the Russians?"

"Who else?"

"Well, does it seem wise to work for one then?"

She watched me thoughtfully. "I don't know. After all, it's only the theatre. And besides, did you ever see Austrian movies? Strovsky's work is bad . . . but it's the only film work around here at the moment. I know they're using me, of course. But I'm using them, too."

"How do you know they're not using you to get at your father?"

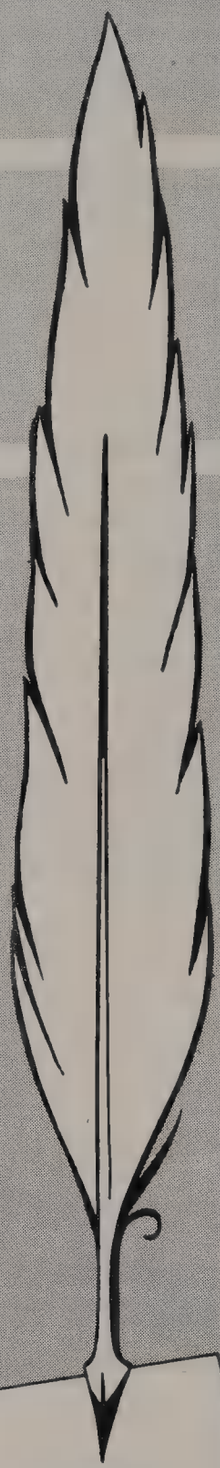
Continued on page 24

See back cover for details

EDUCATE a worthy boy for the Holy Priesthood!

COOPERATE with a struggling missionary!

PARTICIPATE in God's holy work!



You CAN satisfy the charity burning in your heart to do all of these things. Perhaps, in justice to yourself, you feel that you cannot do them right now. But by remembering the Graymoor Friars in your will you can accomplish all this and share in the rewards promised by Christ. Keep alive the Christian tradition of real charity by sharing something with Christ, Our Blessed Lord and Saviour

Here's How: Merely insert in your will:

I give, devise, and bequeath to the Friars of the Atonement, Inc., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., the sum of _____

And God Bless You

Continued from page 23

She was fighting down panic now, I'm sure. I'd hit a very sensitive spot.

"Don't," she said slowly.

"But it's something you have to face."

"And something you Americans have to face is that we feel cut off, lost . . . we feel we have to make the best of a bad situation."

I lit my cigarette and blew some smoke out somewhat angrily. "You're not cut off," I said. "A lot of guys like myself will never forget you. We'll keep on writing and writing. I can't explain it . . . but I just can't forget Hungary wherever I am. It's impossible."

She turned away from me and stared off into space.

Angrily, I said, "Anna, if you work for them you can never go to America."

"I don't care! I don't care!"

"Don't you want to go to America . . . with me?"

She seemed about to say no, but stopped herself and sat motionless. "Of course I do," she groaned finally.

"Well, there is a chance . . . just as there is a chance for your people to be free again."

"And how will that come about?"

"It will be *the work of God!*"

I paused and sat silently. Finally, I went on, "Anna, I can help you and your father. I can get you to the United States."

"How?" she asked with surprise.

"I'm a journalist. I don't make much money, it's true. But you'd be amazed how much a journalist can accomplish . . . as long as he believes it to be the right thing, the just thing. I know it's not like that in Hungary. But it is in a democracy."

"But—"

"Forget about Strovsky!"

"It's not as easy as all that. Let's put it this way, I'll think about it." She watched me closely, her lips trembling. "Yes, I'll think about it."

"No," I said, "let's put it *this* way . . . if you're there tomorrow morning, I'll realize the answer is no. As for me, now that the freedom revolt is over, I've got to go home anyways."

Again, her lips trembled. "All right," she said softly.

* * *

I went to the studios on Monday morning. I decided that if, in moving about, I didn't find Anna I would immediately go to her apartment and make arrangements to push visas for them. It would take time, it's true,

Continued on page 26

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA how you and your family spent last year's pay? What surveys have been taken indicate that most families are only vaguely aware of where each cheque is put. For every chartered accountant who lays out his family's spending, and saving, to the last penny, there are a hundred husbands who give their wives the pay envelope and hope for the best.

Most of them are vaguely aware that so many hundred dollars went "into" the house (mortgage payments) or into the farm (machinery, gasoline), that $26, $52 or $104 went into the Church Collection envelopes (or was supposed to), that $300 perhaps went into running a car. The rest just went. Trouble was, somehow it didn't go far enough. They're "behind" at the end of the year.

Human beings are not automatons, which probably accounts for their distaste of budgets. Wives dislike budgets even more than husbands. But where there is disharmony or undue worry over family finances, an honest breakdown of family spending is very much in order. It will at least *show* where your money's going and, perhaps, show where you can save or cut down.

Actually, so acute has "family finances" become—not in the sense of great hardship being wrought, but in delayed payments, heavy "personal finance" borrowing, and the like—that "Family Budgeting Services" have now been set up in many cities. For a small fee, counsellors will straighten out your debt morass and actually compel you to save. People whose credit is in a mess sometimes make a "clean breast" of things to their debtors and get the same sort of service free. Every Catholic family can, and should, do this for themselves—and the earlier they do so, the better.

I HAVE SELECTED just such a "sheet" for a city family: husband, wife and five children. The man's salary of $5,000 is over the national average. Neither he nor his wife are spendthrifts, yet they constantly were running more than $300 "in the red" at the year's end. They finally broke their spending into two sections—"Fixed Expenses" and "Variable Expenses"—to find where their money went for the year. Their costs may differ slightly from the average, but it seems to me they do present a good picture of how today's average urban family lives.

Here is what their survey sheet for last year revealed:

Fixed Expenses

House Payment (including taxes—$85 per month	$1,020
Utilities (average $20 per month	240
Church—flat $2 per week	104
Life insurance (husband did not start till married)	136
Newspaper and one magazine	24
Husband's allowance—$4 per week	200
	$1,724

Variable Expenses

Food (including 5 qts. milk daily) at $40 per week	$2,080
Car (operating and upkeep) $35 per month	420
Medical and drugs—$15 a month	180
Amusement (including baby-sitter) $2.50 a week	130
Cleaning woman (once a week)—$6	312
Family clothing allowance —$40 a month	480
	$3,602

Total Expenses for Year....$5,326

The husband, who had often berated his wife because they were unable to save money—in fact, were always short at the year's end—got an eye-opener. For in this budget, as you can plainly see, was no allowance for the children, no replacement capital for a new car, no upkeep for the house, etc. The revelation of where their money was going was a blow—even though they realized thousands of families like them were living on a lot less income.

Could they cut down? They faced the fact that they had to—and they did. The husband cut his personal allowance, which included cigarettes, to $2 a week, a saving of $104. Amusements were cut down to one night "out" every two weeks—another saving of $65. The car allowance was cut drastically—by $10—a saving of $120. So was the clothing allowance, by $120 a year. "Frills" were cut out in the food allowance (not too high for a city family these times) and $5 a week saved there—$260.

When this couple had ruthlessly slashed, they found themselves with a budget saving of $669. For this year, instead of being $326 in debt, they are determined to save approximately $340—with luck, a little more. (The principle of good budgeting says they should save around $500.)

IT'S ONE THING to do this on paper; another thing to carry it through. But oftentimes, when you must, you can. This family has been heavy coffee drinkers, for example; they substituted tea (which goes five times as far) for all but breakfast. With the incentive of a small allowance, the older children began doing much of the tidying up around the house, with the result that the family expects to be able to get along with a cleaning woman once a fortnight (for heavy scrubbing, etc.)

Any housewife and mother can apply her own imagination as to where such cuts might be made, and how. Any father will also grasp a few cardinal facts just from pondering this survey.

A man, for instance, will recognize that the house payment is high. So is the insurance, in ratio to income. The husband in question, though not a mechanic, hastily got out of the practice of taking the car to the garage and saying "Charge it." He put in his own anti-freeze. Instead of buying $25 tires at the garage, he shopped at sales (as his wife does for clothing now) and got himself tires at half-price: a perfectly valid saving, since he rarely takes the car out of the city, and the tires have a 12-month guarantee. Such savings are real—but most men, let's face it, have not the bargain-consciousness of their

Continued on page 26

See back cover for details

We Will Fashion Your Tarnished

OLD GOLD

Into a Dazzling Crown of Life

One of the ways through which we support our Missionaries in foreign lands is the sale of the old gold which our friends send to us.

Have you any old gold such as rings and trinkets you no longer use? Help a poor Mission with it by sending it to Graymoor. It will be given back to you some day in a dazzling Crown of Life.

Fr. Andrew, S.A.
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

"go teach ye all nations"

The Graymoor Priest, in the footsteps of Christ, goes through the world winning souls for God's Kingdom. His is a satisfying life of high adventure that calls for deep charity and sacrifice. Young men of High School and College age are invited to join us in our noble, thrilling work.

GRAYMOOR FRIARS
Graymoor, Garrison, New York
Please send me without obligation your literature in regard to:

[ ] Priesthood [ ] Brotherhood Age_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Mostly for Men

Continued from page 25

wives, and too often it is *their* expenditures that upset the budgets.

FROM THE ILLUSTRATION given here, it is not prudent to lay down blanket laws on family financing. But the basic *idea* is well worth exploring by every family. More important, the lessons to be drawn from it should be drilled into our children.

Young men, for instance, should take out life insurance when they first begin work. The premium is lower, and they have a head start on marriage. Young couples, even before the engagement stage, could, and should, save part of their incomes—to be used as a down payment on a house, or as a reserve against the future. With marriage, serious family financing should begin—before the children come along.

Families paying off mortgages and keeping up life insurance need not become too gloomy, even if the going is tight at times. A home paid for is a worthwhile asset these days—and "pay-off time" rolls around faster than you'd believe. Property and insurance payments are a form of compulsory savings, resulting in pretty worthwhile estates in a matter of 20 years.

THE FACT REMAINS that most families are not aware of financial pitfalls and errors. Just recently, education officials in British Columbia prepared a course on the subject for high school teachers, and it is getting serious attention from the rest of Canada. Three professors from the University of B.C. drew up the course. Here are some of the things they claim "most people do wrong financially":

1. They buy emotionally, not putting first things first;
2. "Most don't realize that credit costs money";
3. They don't realize that "putting off a will results in slower and more expensive settlement of the estate";
4. They are not aware of what they are doing when they sign a mortgage; no calculation is made of monthly payments and interest, nor of what the particular property will cost them in the aggregate;
5. When they have savings, the money is not properly put to work—in sound investments, securities, and the like.

It is a course, I believe, that should be added to our high school curriculum. It is one that could be profitably undertaken by many men of their own initiative, too—and the best place to begin it is with an honest itemization of where the money is going at present. Then do what you must—within the limits of commonsense—for the present and future welfare of your family. †

And God Bless You

Continued from page 24

but with a little pressure from editors back home, it could be done. The funny thing was, *I didn't really believe it would come off!*

I had sort of a vague preview that Anna wouldn't come with me even before I entered the darkened studio and saw her whirling across the stage to the music of a large concert orchestra. Her form was a slim twisting gleam of light and her toes hardly touched the boards. I turned and was about to walk out when Strovsky's voice came to me as if from another world.

"Beautiful, isn't she?"

His voice wasn't warm, but it wasn't insincere, either.

"Yeah," I said as the music stopped.

And then, before I could get away, Anna suddenly appeared from the blurred shapes in front of me.

"I guess this is goodbye," I told her.

She nodded.

Then she stood in front of me for a moment as if hoping I would kiss her goodbye. The thing was, even though she had gone over to them, I wanted to. Somehow, I felt her case was different, or that if I had been able to better explain America she wouldn't have done it.

"Goodbye, Anna," I said softly.

"Kelly—"

"Yes?"

She took my hand and led me to a darkened corner.

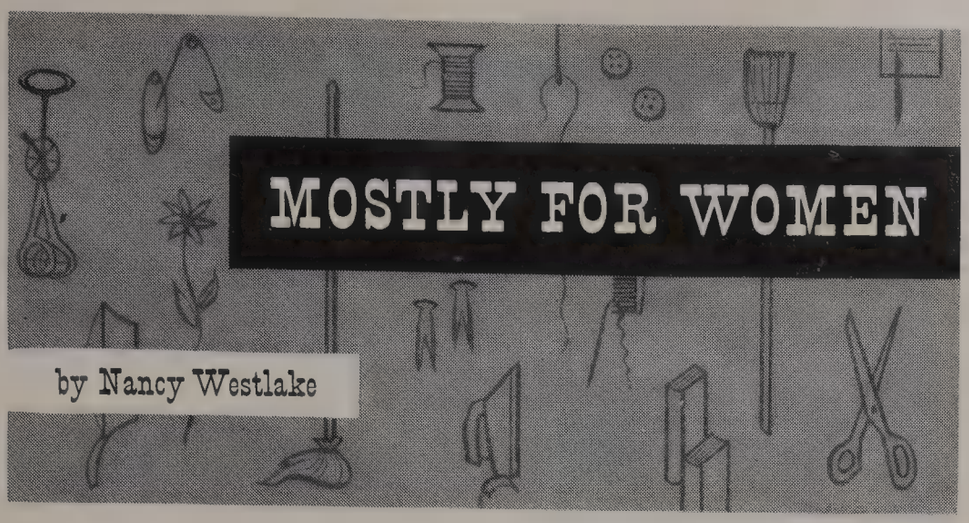
"I'm sorry, Kelly. I wanted to come with you. And I believe you could have arranged visas, too. At first, I thought you were a spy . . . someone Strovsky introduced me to in order to see if my father and I were still embittered. That's why you got the bump on the head."

"You mean that you—" my voice broke off.

"I never expected him to do what he did, of course," she said. "Sorry—"

"Oh, forget it," I said bitterly. "I've got a hard head. But tell me, does a person like you *really* feel anything? Why should you still be embittered . . . can you be embittered? What do you believe in, Anna?"

Continued on page 30



MOSTLY FOR WOMEN

by Nancy Westlake

EXCUSE ME, PLEASE . . .

. . . BUT WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE a great number of the hit Broadway plays of recent seasons have featured heroes and heroines clad variously in slips, pajamas, shorts, and old undershirts? It's pretty embarrassing for us provincial playgoers; and besides, it makes you feel as though possibly the revolving stage had got stuck around backwards and the audience was being treated to a view of the dressing rooms rather than the stage sets. Usually the dialogue doesn't do much to clear up the point, either.

Understand me, I'm not against all this *deshabille* for moral reasons . . . strictly for aesthetic ones. I don't see much allure in, say, middle-aged Serafina delle Rose, of *Rose Tattoo* fame, slouching around in an old wicker chair, wearing a threadbare wrapper and a baggy underslip. And outside of the personal attractions which may be possessed by the actor himself, you really can't get too excited over Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, as he slogs about in a sweaty undershirt, beer can in hand, swearing at his wife and sister-in-law.

WHERE DID ALL this start? And when? I can remember years and years at a stretch when no character appeared on-stage wearing less than normal attire . . . except, perhaps, in an occasional scene, to establish plot . . . for instance, the early morning scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. I can even recall whole plays in which, plot or not, no one even so much as removed his dinner-jacket. This sort of thing may be a bit too far from reality for the present-day audience, but it's relaxing.

Why, I wonder, do we *want* realism, anyway? Supposedly, we go out for an evening of theatre to recuperate from the strains and problems of real life . . . not to take them on vicariously. If any of the messes in modern plays were resolved by evening's end, it would be all right. But too often, especially in plays with "social significance," the playwright's purpose is to make the audience *think* . . . in other words, to go home worried about the specific social problem he has presented. Unlike the personal, or Greek, tragedy, a social tragedy cannot come to a satisfactory ending on stage in one evening . . . that is, one does not come away from *A Hatful of Rain* feeling purged, as the Greeks would say. *Antigone* or *Oedipus Rex* are far more bloody and truly tragic . . . so are *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* . . . but the audience does not carry away a feeling of guilt for the situations which overwhelm the characters . . . guilt because they are members of the society with which these characters find themselves unable to cope. I don't wish to encourage social unconsciousness, but why pay $3.30 or more to be bawled out for three hours at a time?

Rose Tattoo and *Streetcar*, *Baby Doll*, of course, and another shocker, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, in which we were treated to the triple-feature realism of Burl Ives and Ben Gazzara (in pajamas) and Barbara Bel Geddes (in slip), all onstage simultaneously, are all the brain-children of Tennessee Williams, who seems to have a complex about this sort of thing. We might hope that the trend would end there, but no. Lately arrived from Britain is John Osborne, an "angry young man" . . . this means angry at *us* . . . collective society . . . and Mr. Osborne has written a play; a social tragedy, of course, called *Look Back In Anger*.

Needless to say, the hero of *Look Back In Anger* is unable to get along with the world as he finds it. His wife, who appears in the first scene in dungarees, but later reverts to fashion and comes on clad tastefully in . . . you guessed it . . . a slip, is unable to get along with *him*, because he hates the whole world, starting at home. This sort of thing goes on for hours until the husband, disillusioned by the cruelty of life in general, sees that one wife is as good as another and Comes Back Home . . . no thanks, of course, to society, which has been against him all along.

I think all this emphasis on realism is boring in the extreme: imagine how dull a tape-recording of a typical bridge-table conversation might be . . . and *that* would be the quintessence of realism, far more accurately human than these neurotic situation-tragedies can hope to become, even in the hands of skillful actors and actresses.

I think also that the lack of conventional dress in these plays is beginning to pall as a gimmick. The only thing that would surprise today's audiences would be a so-called "comedy of manners," in which impeccably clad characters have many problem situations from which to untangle themselves, but no neuroses, drug-habits, or abnormal fixations. Sure, that sort of thing is an "escape" . . . but what's wrong with escaping once in a while?

THE COMBINATION of tragedy, social message, realism, and unresolved messes is fine . . . once in a while. Hollywood is snapping up the sensational as fast as it leaves Broadway, and making it over into moving pictures, so that as many people as possible may suffer. The only good thing about this expansion is that, most often, the studio writers tack on a happy ending, for the sake of Grandma, and other tender-hearted viewers. This still doesn't make a grimy theme suitable for the kiddies, bless their hearts, but it does at least serve to send you home smiling. Usually it completely ruins the plot, as well. You can't have everything, I always say.

I REALIZE that I'm probably dodging the most burning issues of our generation, but I'm not going to see another movie, play, or TV tragedy this season in which the characters are running around in their underwear. You see, this means that they have Problems; that I and the rest of Unfeeling Humanity are responsible for these traumatic experiences; that I will go to bed feeling guilty, and spend the rest of the week wondering if I am failing my children, or something.

No, instead, I'm saving my money until the musical comedies come around again, and while sensitive characters are suffering in plays everywhere, I shall ignore them completely to concern myself with the antics of

Continued on page 28

See back cover for details

Mostly for Women

Continued from page 27

the completely unreal creatures of the musical stage, and take no more interest in my fellow man than to wonder, idly, how things are in Glocca Morra.

YOUR WISH IS GRANTED!

. . . THAT IS, if you've ever wished for a really reliable Chop Suey recipe . . . not too hard to concoct, and *almost* authentic (this last calls for lots of soy sauce . . . atmosphere, y'know).

When I was first setting up housekeeping, someone presented me, at a shower, with a recipe box. Soon after this, other friends began giving me recipes, neatly typed on white cards, to fill it up. I conscientiously tried almost all the dishes (poor Frank!). They were good for a laugh, as the saying goes (especially the Vegetable-Custard Timbales . . . brrr!), but I've discarded most of them with the years. This chop suey formula is one of the survivors, so you *know* it must be sterling. Here we go:

Evelyn's Chop Suey

Fry 2 cups *cooked* lean pork cubes until well browned. Set aside, and, adding a little vegetable shortening to the skillet, gently brown:

1 cup chopped celery
1 cup chopped onion

Then add water to cover, and allow celery and onion to simmer, under a lid, for 15 minutes. Now get out your can opener and add:

1 large can Chinese "chop suey vegetables" (any mix will do)
1 large can bean sprouts
1 small can chopped mushroom bits, with juice

Let these simmer, along with the celery-onion mix, for another 10 minutes.

Now mix together in a separate pan, and then add to fried pork bits:

3 Tablespoons soy sauce
2 Tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup cold water

Add pork and sauce to vegetables, and allow to sit, covered, for 15 minutes before serving.

This is fine served over carefully cooked rice: by that I mean, not gooey, but dry and fluffy. Many people prefer the canned Chinese noodles, but they're sometimes unpleasantly salty, so we stick to plain old rice or very thin egg noodles, home boiled. This recipe serves four rather handsomely . . . if your noodles are plentiful enough, you could spread it out over six . . . just add more soy sauce! †

Only One Found Unity

Continued from page 8

difference." He believed that if the churches could not pronounce unanimously and definitively about such matters as sex relations, marriage, divorce, class hatreds, social injustice, education, and international problems, then modern people would be at a loss in the governance of their moral and spiritual lives.

What his whole attitude towards the Catholic Church was is difficult to say. We know he did make it a policy while he was bishop in the Philippines that his missionaries should not try to win converts from among the Roman Catholics. Later in life, before the Lausanne Conference, he said, "I hope that when, in the providence of God, the conference on faith and order meets, if the Roman Catholic Church is not present, there will be those who are present who will be able to give to the conference the Roman Catholic viewpoint." Sincere in this he was, for he went personally to visit Pope Pius XI in 1926 to extend to him an invitation to the Faith and Order meeting. The invitation was, of course, refused, but Bishop Brent was impressed by the Pope's cordiality and friendliness, even in the refusal.

Bishop Brent, in seeking for unity all his life, thought that one of the obstacles to attaining it was the misuse of the word "church" among Christians. Yet he himself held to the Protestant concept of "church" which, generally, is considered to be the one, holy, and universal society of all true believers who have put their faith in God, and though not having experienced what has been promised, have held fast nevertheless to God's fidelity and His promise; known to God alone, these believers together constitute the one, holy, catholic, invisible church. But Father Paul of Graymoor realized that such a church cannot account for the manifold diversity of beliefs, doctrines, practices, morals and even contradictions as they exist here and now in the different sects; he came to know that Christ established one unchangeable, true, unerring Church that is to be the visible means of salvation for all men. By his conversion to the Catholic Church, Father Paul put into execution what Bishop Brent once wrote: "The idea of at-one-ment was never more intelligible than in these latter days."

That same night, I went to bed, still puzzling over the fact that these two men, so closely united in ideals, close too in that they both worked in New York State, both preaching unity, had never met and discussed their mutual problems and means of solution. What would have been a kind of historic meeting never did take place. †

The Sunday Shopping Evil

Continued from page 11

"Sunday is being degraded to bargain day."

"We are not referring to the conduct of such business as is necessary for the public good and the safeguarding of health," he said. "But there is no need or justification for the sale of articles on Sunday which can easily be purchased on weekdays."

The Archbishop emphasized that "we cannot have the spiritual renewal we desperately need without the honoring of Sunday. When the Lord's day is forgotten, the obedience and respect owed to Him is doomed.

"Those who fail to keep holy the Sabbath day, both seller and shopper, may well be contributing to the ultimate destruction of our beloved country."

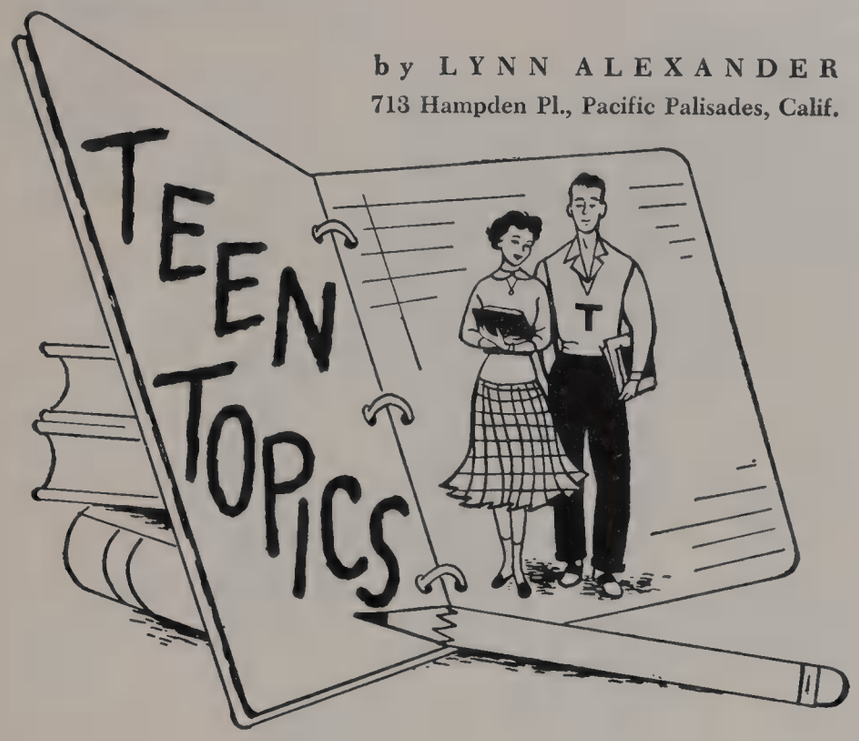
The type of business which has flourished on Sundays is the so-called "discount house." These are the stores, usually located on the busy highways, which feature television sets, radios, gas and electric ranges, refrigerators—the appliance type of merchandise.

The Sunday newspapers, especially in the East, have been filled with big black advertisements, featuring sales of such merchandise, enticing prospective customers to drive out to their highway stores.

The result has been a potential and present traffic hazard to thousands of motorists. This has been graphically described by the late Chief Justice Vanderbilt of the New Jersey Supreme Court, in upholding a state ban on the sale of automobiles on Sundays. In his decision, the Chief Justice declared:

"In the present state of Sunday activity in this automotive age, there are sections of our highways stretching for miles almost exclusively devoted to the sale of new and used cars, where the owners and employes, forced by the unreasonable and competitive lust of some of their neighbors in the trade, are compelled to maintain their business vigil every day of the week and for long hours; who can say that this is not inimical to the public good? Moreover, common human experience has shown to all who have had the occasion to drive on the highways of this state that even a single business enterprise can constitute an insidious accident hazard when the highway on which it is situated is full with super-powered

Continued on page 30



by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

WHAT CAUSES JUVENILE DELINQUENCY? That's one of the questions most often asked in the *"Topics"* mailbox. Both parents and teens are seeking the answer. With teens it is a matter of avoiding the stigma of the delinquent. With parents it is the question of guiding their teens away from the temptations that lead to juvenile misconduct.

No one can state that there is any one cause for delinquency. There are many. But juvenile delinquents have a great deal in common that can be pinned down significantly. In an important research project by Dr. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, based on the study of 1,000 juvenile delinquents, it was found that: in 85% of the cases, the family lived in crowded areas where vice and crime were prevalent. In 40% of the cases, both father and mother were forced to work to provide an adequate income. In three out of five cases, the homes were over-crowded, dirty, poorly ventilated, and shabbily furnished. Nearly half of the boys came from homes broken by divorce, desertion, death, or disease. 84.7 per cent of the cases showed that there was delinquency among other members of the family—parents, brothers and/or sisters. Approximately one-third of the delinquents were subnormal in intelligence, having an I.Q. of less than 80.

In a study of the juvenile courts of Michigan, it was found that the most prevalent offense among boys is stealing. Truancy and traffic violations were next in order. Among the girls "running away from home" was the most frequent offense, truancy and sex offenses ranked second and third.

However, statistics, it has been discovered by the experts, are practically worthless in learning the causes of juvenile delinquency. They are misleading and often grossly exaggerated. They do point the way. They do show that poverty and divorce are major factors. In both instances the delinquent loses the sense of security which is so vital to his well-being. He does not have a feeling of belonging. He feels that life has cheated him of his measure of happiness.

I THINK ALBERT DEUTSCH, writing in *Our Rejected Children,* provides the best insight into delinquency which I have found. Says Mr. Deutsch "... many children who commit delinquent acts, such as stealing and vandalism, are simply conforming to the normal pattern of the particular culture, or subculture, of their community. The available data reveal that the delinquent acts are rarely individual in character; they are performed *socially,* in company with others, and very often in complete accordance with the behavior expected or demanded of them by their juvenile peers or adult mentors."

The desire to conform . . . that is the key to the problem. When other teens carry switch blades, defy school authorities, belittle womanhood, consider their parents a couple of old fogies, and engage in promiscuous sexual activities, they are establishing a standard of conduct. Everyone desires to be "one of the group." No one really likes to be different. Teens are no exception. If they must trade the approval of society for that of their friends, it often appears a worthwhile swap.

OF COURSE, it isn't. You and I as thinking people know that, Teens. We know that the approval of our friends is a temporary thing as measured by a lifetime. We know that no matter how much approbation we receive from others, we still must face our consciences and our God.

If Mr. Deutsch is right, and I have no doubt that he is, our answer to much of delinquency is to withhold our approval of the immoral and stress our approval of the moral. The desire to conform is not limited to conforming to wrong. It also extends to "doing the right thing." Why not then, as a group, demand that the standard of conformity be one of high morals?

Is it possible? Certainly. If your youth organization frowns on wrongful conduct and upholds the moral virtues, you can set the pattern. It isn't always easy, to be sure. You may hear charges of "pious," "churchy," and "holier-than-thou." But you'll always hear such charges from those who seek to scorn the virtues, whether you are a teen or an adult. They are the serenade of the delinquent. But as you develop your position firmly, and show no sign of wavering, you'll find that these cries in the wilderness become weaker and weaker. The delinquent will be in the position either of behaving himself or being an outcast!

ACTUALLY, how grave is the delinquency problem? I, for one, am sick of being told that our nation has spawned a group of indolent, insolent, irresponsible teens. It simply isn't so. Only six out of 1,000 children appear before juvenile court each year. Of these six, many are mere children, others are as old as 21. Many are first offenders, for which the statistics make no provision. They are teens who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. But even more significant, of the 300,000-400,000 children who appear before juvenile court each year, there is no distinction made between retarded children, emotionally disturbed children, insane children, neglected children and those who actually have committed a crime! All are bunched together in the same statistics, even though a large percentage do not have the capacity to know right from wrong, and others are the rejected children of parents and society who are there from no fault of their own! It is grossly unfair to condemn our

Continued on page 30

See back cover for details

Teen Topics

Continued from page 29

present generation on the basis of such figures! A neglected child is not a delinquent child. He is one whose parents do not want him and will not support him. A retarded or insane child is not delinquent. He is a child incapable of reasoning.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY is a serious problem, to be sure. It should not be regarded lightly. But the time has come, in my opinion, to give credit where credit is due. It's time to publicize the worthwhile achievements of our teens as well as the sensational incidents of their crimes. As Estes Kefauver said before a U.S. Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, "The problem of juvenile delinquency deserves and requires the best attention and the best effort of every American. The future of this country is irrevocably tied with our young people. If this is a great generation we are rearing, and I am firmly convinced that it is, then the future of our democracy is secure." †

The Sunday Shopping Evil

Continued from page 28

automobiles. Multiply this one instance by the number of dealers that are found, let us say, in the Little Ferry-South Hackensack area and see what the potential havoc is, to say nothing of the peace and tranquility that is incidentally disturbed."

However, it is not only the car dealers and the appliance stores that have joined the trend toward Sunday shopping. Throughout the Far West and the Middle West, many of the big grocery chains have started a policy of operating seven days a week.

Probably close to 25% of the supermarkets in the United States stay open seven days a week. There is no real necessity for this, in these days of modern refrigeration. But one dealer starts to stay open on Sundays; then another, worried about losing his trade, finds it necessary or feels it necessary, to do the same—and then the rush is on.

The cause, generally speaking is "that greed for gain," in the well-turned phrase of one of the Popes. For it is greed, pure and simple, that induces a merchant to open his store on Sunday. He hopes that, by doing so, he can take some of his competitor's trade. He is increasing his operating cost—but he feels the business he can take from someone else will compensate for it.

Instead of having an operating cost for six days a week, he has it for seven. He must pay for his lights, air conditioning or heating, for store employes (and at double or triple time for Sunday work)—everything costs more because of the seven-day-a-week operation.

In addition, he finds that he has another "slow day" during the week. There is, of course, just so much business to be done in a certain area. A store being open on Sunday doesn't create more business—it just takes it (generally speaking) from another merchant.

Most of the merchants, especially the larger ones, do not want to open on Sundays. And to their credit, a few of the larger grocery chains have stayed away from it, even though their competitors have yielded to the lure or fear of the other stores being open on Sundays.

Some stores have turned to Sunday openings as the course of least resistance; others, with more courage, have combined to fight against it, endeavoring to get state laws passed that will make all stores stay closed on Sundays, except those which should be open in the public interest. Under such legislation, all business will fare equally, competition will be fair and aboveboard—and no one will be forced to make his employees work on Sundays.

There is another course to stop unnecessary Sunday business, and it is clearly in the hands of the consumer, where so often desirable legislation is not.

If the consumer did not buy on Sundays—the Sunday shops could not sell. And if there were no business—the Sunday shops would not stay open. Their only reason for remaining open on Sundays is that customers come into the store. And that might mean you, and you, and you. It might have meant me, too, if I did not realize how serious this problem is.

The law of God holds on both sides of the counter—it is just as wrong to buy unnecessarily on Sunday as it is to sell. And if you go into a store on Sunday and buy something which you could have purchased on another day of the week, you sin as seriously as the man who sold it to you.

It is in your power to help stop the growth of Sunday shopping, the desecration of the Lord's Day which, up until very recently, has been growing rapidly in this country.

It looks as though the tide is turning—but very, very slowly; and the result is by no means conclusive. Your help might turn back this tide of materialism; and you give your help when you refuse to buy on Sunday, when you defer all unnecessary Sunday purchases to some other day of the week.

Don't shop on Sunday. Observe God's day as He wants you to observe it; by so doing, you will let some other person and his family enjoy Sunday too. †

And God Bless You

Continued from page 26

"Right now, Kelly," she said, "we can only believe in one thing . . . NTS."

"What's NTS . . . not too secure?"

She smiled. "If you like . . . I can't explain myself, Kelly." As I watched her, tears brimmed and ran slowly down her cheeks, "No, you'd never understand how I think . . . or the others think. So, goodbye, Kelly."

I stepped outside into the fresh air and sunshine and began to walk away from all the Europeans like her. Yes, she was right, I'd never understand. I turned only once and she was in the doorway. She half-raised her hand to wave. I didn't bother. I'd had it.

The thing was, I never did get a chance to tell her I understood the course she had finally decided to take. I didn't realize what she meant because I wasn't thinking along those lines at all . . . or maybe God didn't want me to think along those lines. It might have posed problems for her.

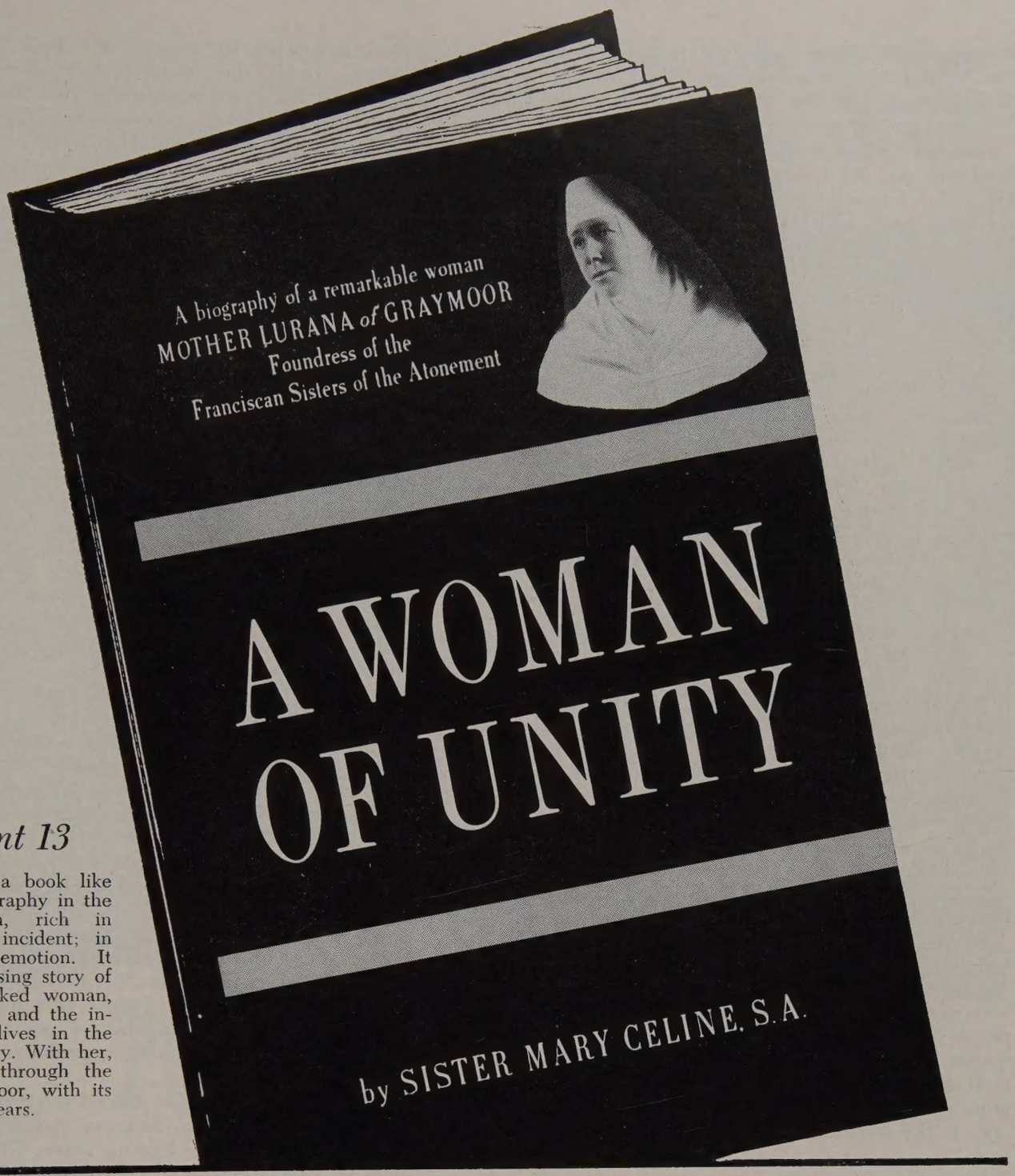
But since I've come back to the United States and have gone over my papers to begin the inevitable book on the Hungarian revolt, I've rediscovered what NTS really stands for. You see, it's the anti-Soviet liberty movement. It's the most dangerous work a refugee can take part in, but that doesn't stop them, people like Anna. It must be God, alone, that keeps them going.

Really, I hope Strovsky manages to sell that movie to the United States. He probably will. After all, Communism needs lots of trade. Everyone says that. Otherwise, they'd have even more revolts on their hands. Yes, as Strovsky told me, they need money and I hope he sold Anna's movie.

In that way, I'll see her once more. I wrote to her several times, of course, before a journalist friend of mine found out what happened to her. The letters came back, address unknown. But as I've said a friend of mine told me what happened and I can now write my story about the studio.

I love you, Anna, and God bless you, I want you to know I understand. I do understand now and I'm thinking about you. I'll go on thinking about you. I love you very much. . . . †

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan


A biography of a remarkable woman
MOTHER LURANA of GRAYMOOR
Foundress of the
Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement
A WOMAN OF UNITY
by SISTER MARY CELINE, S.A.

Installment 13

Rare today is a book like this . . . a biography in the great tradition, rich in character and incident; in thought and emotion. It tells the engrossing story of a strongly marked woman, of her conflicts and the intertwining of lives in the past half century. With her, you will live through the birth of Graymoor, with its laughter and tears.

Chapter 7—(Continued)
That They All May Be One

"What a fight it is! Why we don't go under only God knows for only He supports us. These days have taught me as never before the necessity of relying only upon God to perform anything great. Men are broken reeds. I believed it before, now I know it.

"Don't think we are sad, far from it. We will yet do great things for the Ecclesia Anglicana and the Mother Church, Ecclesia Roma, for she too is looking to us."

Mother Lurana "knew" with certainty when she wrote "Rome has met us three-quarters of the way." In November 1907 she asked for a private interview with Archbishop Farley. "Now that the die is cast," she said, "and I have written for the interview with His Grace the Archbishop of New York, I am several more degrees frightened." The meeting was arranged for the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, November 21.

Mother Lurana spent the previous night with the Sisters of the Precious Blood in Brooklyn. They were most gracious and considerate and the Anglican nun had the consolation of reciting the midnight office with the Community. "Oh, may our dear Lord teach me what to say tomorrow," was her prayer.

Of the next day she records, "I dreaded it (the interview) but when I began to tell our story and our hopes, I forgot all that. I found him (the Archbishop) a conservative of conservatives. Then, not meaning to, I found myself telling him of our Foundation at Graymoor and he was deeply interested. I told him how we hoped for

FREE Special Offer to Lamp Readers

Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement
Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Send me a copy of your 372 page book A Woman of Unity, $4.50. I understand that this special offer entitles me to a one year subscription to your quarterly magazine "The Candle."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

See back cover for details

'conditional Re-Ordination!'" At the end of their talk, the Archbishop encouraged her, "Well, it (the Society of the Atonement) may be the grain of mustard seed. But don't you all stay out too long!"

Graymoor's Foundress had actually taken the first step toward Rome and though she was very tired that evening, she certainly was most grateful to Our Lady and the Saints, who had helped her so wonderfully.

A week later, Father Paul wrote to the Reverend Spencer Jones, "The 'Peter Sermon' suggestion is fine. By all means, let us set it in motion at once. In addition to that, what do you think of inaugurating a Church Unity Week beginning with Saint Peter's Chair at Rome, January 18, and ending with Saint Paul's Day? During the week a series of addresses on corporate reunion might be made every night; or someone from outside the parish might be invited to give a conference; or a Church Unity Mission might be conducted. We have to make this a popular movement and we will not do it until we preach these things repeatedly and constantly to our people."

The Graymoor Friar did not wait to hear what his co-worker in England thought of the Church Unity Octave. By the middle of December he had written to several of his fellow Anglican clergymen letters such as follows:

"Do you not think the time has arrived when we should begin to make some systematic efforts to educate the laity on Church Unity lines? It has been suggested to me by Reverend Spencer Jones in a letter recently received that a good entering wedge would be a 'Peter Sermon' on Saint Peter's Day each year.

"As an amplification of his idea what do you think of starting quietly by a few of us a Church Unity Week to begin with the Feast of the Chair of Saint Peter at Rome and ending with Saint Paul's Day?"

So the Chair of Unity Octave began, as all God's wonderful works begin, in a small way. Still, in spite of its smallness, in spite of the fact that it had been started without any public announcement, several thousand people joined spontaneously in the observance. The response made by the Roman clergy and Religious was most gratifying. One priest wrote, "I beg you never to grow weary in your efforts to bring back the straying ones in the Anglican Church to the Holy See."

There were no particular prayers appointed during this initial observance; Masses, Our Fathers and Hail Marys are mentioned. The Sisters were one with their Founder in this new endeavor for the cause of Unity. The little frame building in Graymoor Valley became a veritable powerhouse of intensified prayer which sent its current running through the world. The return of all Christians to communion with the Apostolic See—such was the object of those first eight days of prayer which have been kept year after year, by an ever-widening circle, and as Father Paul predicted, "with increasing enthusiasm." There was work, too, connected with the Octave which the Sisters gladly undertook and which they continued through the years until such time as the Friars could staff their own offices.

Mother Lurana fired her daughters with a great zeal for the very *raison d'être* of their Congregation. When the Father Founder went to Rome in 1925, he carried with him thousands of letters petitioning the Holy See to make his Octave of Prayer universal. All the detail work connected with this gigantic undertaking had been supervised by the Mother Foundress and carried through by her devoted secretary, Sister Paul Marie. S.A. So enthusiastic did the Sister Secretary become in following her own and her Society's vocation, that she offered herself to God as a victim of love, "that they all may be One." That the Good Shepherd was pleased with the offering of His lamb for His straying sheep seems very evident. Sister Paul Marie contracted tuberculosis and after five years of suffering, her sacrifice was completed on October 30, 1936, the 27th anniversary of the day on which her Society had been received into the Fold of Peter.

But back in 1908, only the seedling had been planted and through the winter of 1908-09 Graymoor's efforts to promote unity among Christians took a most practical form. About 200 men employed as laborers on the city aqueduct which lies between Peekskill and Garrison were laid off with only a day's notice. Many of them were colored men who had been induced to come up from the South. Others, Italians, had come, bringing their families with them. The construction camps where they were housed were unsanitary to say the least, but when the lay-off fell on them, sickness and starvation followed. Both Founders, with no bank account and no earthly investments, stepped into the breach to relieve the suffering, and this without regard to race, creed, or color.

Rumors went abroad that the Graymoor Community was encouraging idleness and vagrancy in these aqueduct diggers. Mother Lurana protested vigorously, "These men want to work. I stoutly maintain they are not tramps. The real tramps almost never come to Graymoor. Long before the shafts opened we gave away (and the men would work for it, too!) about 300 meals in a month."

The sisters went about through Peekskill, Yonkers, Cold Spring, Poughkeepsie and Newburgh, and to the everlasting credit of the storekeepers, Graymoor's wagon was well filled. Mother Lurana wrote to a dear friend, "We are using beans, potatoes, cornmeal and bread by the wholesale. I can't bear to limit them in the amount of food and really I never dreamed that men could eat the quantity, especially of bread, that they do."

The lack of food was indeed pitiable, but this was not the worst problem. Sickness and disease began to appear. Again Mother Lurana wrote, "A number have been ill. One colored boy spent three bitter nights in the woods, pitiably underclad. We had him here for three days nursing him, but he developed typhoid and we got him into the Peekskill Hospital. Another poor fellow (I paid his fare down to New York and gave him a letter to Saint Francis Hospital) was beyond care at Peekskill; he is a surgical case. Another, a real old Irishman, died a few days after we took him to Peekskill." But it was for the mothers and children that Mother Lurana was chiefly concerned. "The poor Italian women and children are the main sufferers now," she wrote to Miss Chadwick. "I am sending out a relief expedition this afternoon supplied with the contents of that splendid barrel you sent."

When word came one day that another household was almost destitute, Sister Mary Anna asked her Superior's permission to visit them. Even Mother Lurana hesitated. The weather was bitter and Sister already had a cold. However, the plight of the sufferers was extreme, so fortified by her Superior's blessing, Sister Mary Anna, like an Angel of Peace, went out on her errand of mercy. She returned with a heart-rending tale of poverty and sickness. Four days later Sister Mary Anna, herself, was dead.

(Continued next month)

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors. For their works follow them

GRAYMOOR

Purgatorial Society

An ideal way in which to help your beloved dead is by enrolling them in the Graymoor Purgatorial Society. The living may also be enrolled and participate in the spiritual benefits during life and after death. These benefits are: Remembrance in 6,000 masses offered yearly for the Purgatorial members and a remembrance in 30,000 other masses, also in the prayers and the spiritual work of the Friars

PURGATORIAL SOCIETY

Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Full payment $_____ Partial payment $_____

Dear Father: Enclosed please find enrollment as I have indicated below:

_____ Living
Single membership $5.00 Deceased

Send to_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

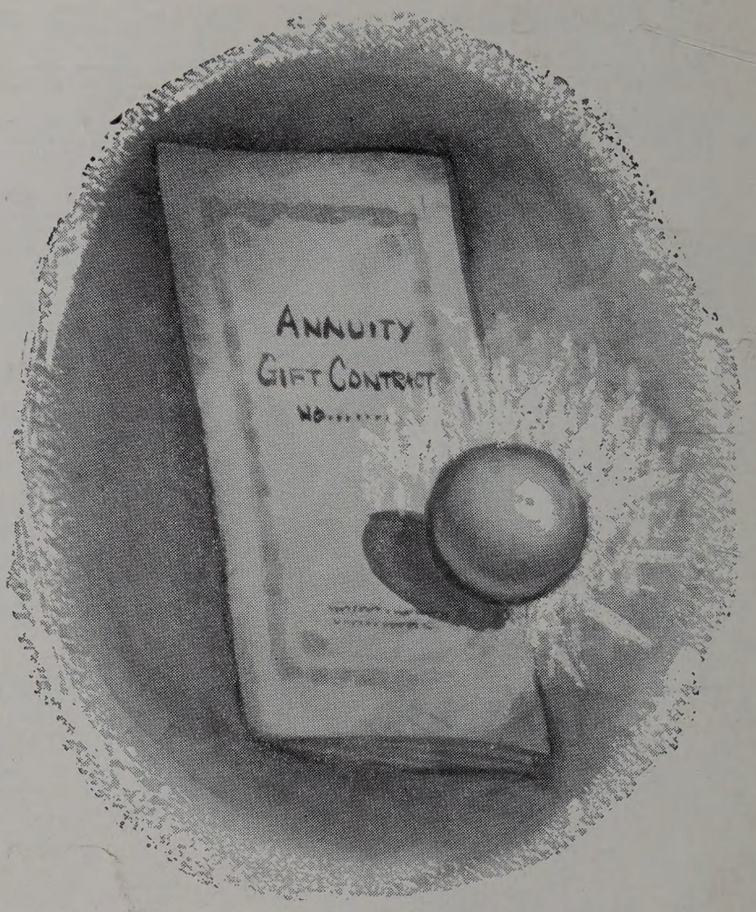
_____
Family membership—Living and Deceased—$25.00

Enrolled by_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

"The Kingdom of Heaven
is like a merchant in search of fine pearls.
When he finds a single pearl
of great price, he goes and sells all
that he has and buys it."



Our Blessed Lord told this parable to illustrate a spiritual truth. Since most of Our Lord's parables are of their nature obscure, priests are often asked the question: "Why did Christ teach in Parables, since, quite evidently, His own Disciples could not understand them?"

The answer to that question was given by two great Luminaries of the Church, Saints Augustine and John Chrysostom, many centuries ago. Substantially it is this: "By speaking to them in parables, Jesus accommodates Himself to the mental capacity of His audience.... He stimulates them to come and question Him, so that by their questions they may learn what they do not know. And He would have explained His parables to the Scribes and Pharisees, as He did to His disciples, if they had also questioned Him."

When we tell you, our good friends and benefactors, about

The Graymoor Annuity Contract

we tell you, also, about a Pearl of great price, which is worth selling all that you have, to possess. It is an investment for time and eternity. For while you live an Annuity Contract will bring you a good income from an investment of one hundred dollars or more. In the Land beyond the stars, it will pay a spiritual dividend through the good works that your contract will make possible.

What then, precisely, is the Graymoor Annuity Plan? It is a capital fund constantly increasing, the revenue from which pays you cash dividends while you live from an investment of one hundred dollars or more. For example: if you are 65 years old you are entitled to receive a yearly dividend of 5% on every one hundred dollars you invest. Therefore, your dividend on every one hundred dollars would be $5.00 each year. Half of this sum, $2.50, would be paid to you every six months in a check from Graymoor. After God calls you to Himself the original sum of money sent by you to Graymoor is devoted to the extension of God's Kingdom on earth through the erection of Churches, schools, monasteries, and the education of worthy young men for the priesthood.

Our booklet giving further details will be sent to you upon request. Write today. For the pangs of today's regret are often the penalty of yesterday's postponement.

VERY REVEREND FATHER ANGELUS, S.A.
Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Without Obligation, please send me further information about your Graymoor Annuity Plan.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone_____ State _____